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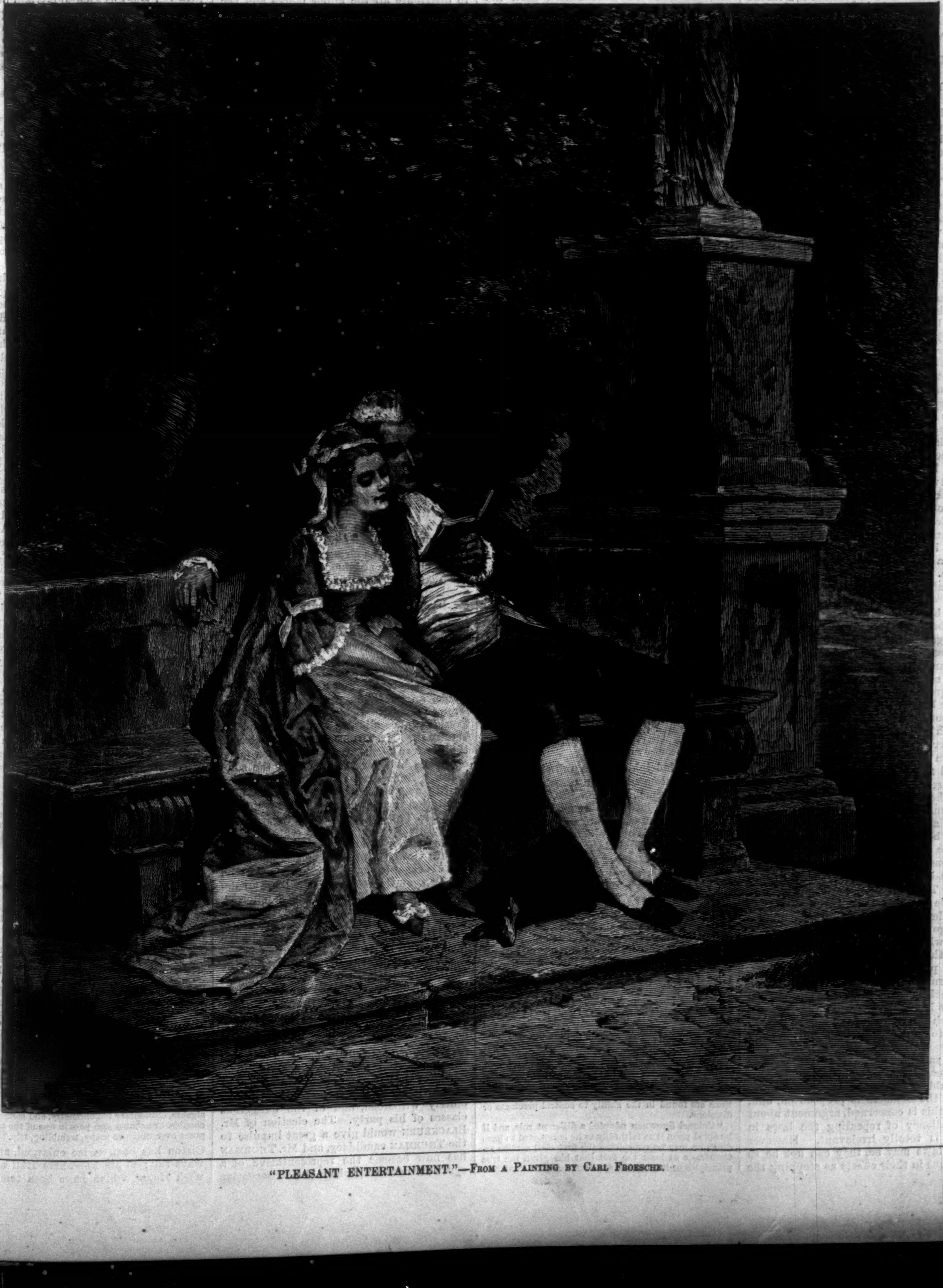

"PLEASANT ENTERTAINMENT."—From a Painting by Carl Froesche.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, March 29, 1879.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains pictures relating to the Afghan and the Zulu wars, sketches on Pitcairn Island, and other interesting matters.*

An Illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

THE NEW CONFLICT.

It is important to bear in mind the exact question raised by the Democrats in proposing to stop the government if the President does not consent to the repeal of certain laws. The Democratic papers naturally try to confuse the issue by asserting that the laws ought to be repealed, and that the House is the immediate representative of the people. But the chief question is not whether the laws mentioned ought or ought not to be repealed, but whether a majority of Congress or of either House shall usurp all the power of the government. The Democratic position is a threat that if the President honestly discharges his constitutional duty, the government shall stop, and the country be plunged into anarchy. It is a scheme of revolution to destroy all the checks and balances of our political system, and to concentrate all power in a part of one branch of the government. The sophistry that defends such a scheme is as transparent as it is impudent. The assumption that all the provisions of the Constitution are to give way to the majority of the House as against the Senate, or a majority of both Houses as against the Executive, is an assertion that our government is like that of the revolutionary French republic of the terror, when the will of the majority of the Convention was the supreme law. It was in full view of the consequences of the absolute and unchecked sway of the majority of a single body that our Constitution was framed. It is, fortunately, wholly free from any taint of Celtic republicanism. It is the work of men of the English-speaking race, who proposed to avoid by English methods the dangers against which both English and French experience warned them. Ours is no republic of the Convention or of the National Assembly; it is a republic of co-ordinate and carefully distributed powers, and "the people" are represented in every part of it, and the rights and authority of every part have an equal popular sanction.

"We, the people of the United States," who framed the Constitution, did not intrust the legislative power to one House alone or two Houses alone, but "we" gave a large part of it to the President. "We" had the courage and the good sense to provide efficient barriers against the chances of haste and corruption and passion in one House or in two Houses, and provided in the veto a power of revision and of reconsideration. The President is as much the representative of the people as a member of Congress. He is a part of the legislature, bound to his duty by as solemn an oath as any member, and made by the people their defense against the rash or unwise action of Congress. If he should renounce his convictions, and sign an important bill against his most solemn judgment, on the ground that Congress had passed it, he would ignominiously betray the trust which the people had confided to him, and the Constitution which is the guarantee of public liberty. The power of the veto becomes operative only when a law has been passed by Congress, and to plead that a majority of Congress desires the passage of a law, and that he must therefore sign it, would be to plead that he must annul a vital part of the Constitution, and refuse to perform a solemn duty. If both Houses may attempt thus to coerce the President to their will, so may either House attempt to coerce the other, or the President to reduce Congress to submission. They all hold their power from the people; and if Congress may say to the President that it will stop the supplies and the government unless he signs a bill which it wishes to pass, so may the President say that he will not sign the supplies unless it passes a bill which he desires. Our government becomes impracticable if each branch is to threaten to stop it when it can not have its own way. If Congress may attach the repeal of the National Election Law to a supply bill, it may attach any other measure to it in the same way and under the same menace. If the menace were carried out, the subversion of the government would be accomplished.

This is the Democratic proposition, and, so far as this is concerned, argument about the expediency of repealing the laws in question is totally irrelevant. However bad the laws may be, they can not be so mischievous in their effects as stopping the government. Such a policy may well startle and alarm the country, and warn it of the consequences of a party ascendency which begins with such an act. Republicans will gladly accept the Democratic challenge to defend the wise and just constitutional division of power in the government, and they will unitedly resist the attempt to usurp all powers and absorb them in one branch. If the Democratic party prefers this issue to that of "fraud," it will find the contest quite as difficult, and the country quite as patriotic and intelligent and united in defense of the Constitution. When the argument in favor of the repeal of the law is exhausted, the conflict has not begun. It is not a question of the wisdom of the laws, but of the method of their repeal. The house must not be burned down in order to roast the pig. It is, indeed, refreshing to see a real issue emerging from the cloud of personalities in which the election of 1880 seemed to be hopelessly enveloped. Nineteen years ago it was a favorite Democratic doctrine that the Constitution could not be constitutionally maintained. But the Republicans proved its vitality and efficiency. Mr. Beck's defiance now is substantially a declaration that the Constitution shall not stand against the will of a Democratic majority in Congress, and that if the President does not yield to its behest, the country shall be thrown into confusion. The country, however, sees clearly that if this course is to be tolerated in the passage of one bill, it can be pursued in that of all bills. If the supplies are to be stopped unless the President, whether he approves or not, signs the repeal of the election law, the supplies can be stopped in the same way unless he signs any other bill that may be presented to him—a fiat-money law, a repeal of the national banking law, an anti-Chinese law; in fact, any repeal or any bill. In the conflict which the Democrats have now proclaimed, the President is the representative of the Constitution, of the public peace, of American patriotism, and in upholding him in his constitutional action the Republican party becomes once more the united party of constitutional liberty.

A GOOD SIGN OF PROGRESS.

That a sensible civil service system, in the words of a distinguished bummer, "is not politics," is very true. It is business. How efficient it is, how practicable, and how acceptable, has just been shown by proceedings attending the recent promotion of Colonel Snowden from the Postmastership in Philadelphia to the Direction of the Mint. An address was presented to him by those who had been employed in the office, which may be profitably pondered by those who are very sure that a post-office must be "run" in the interests of local partisan politics. The address says:

> "We who have been associated with him in this office desire to record our high appreciation of the dignified and thorough manner in which he has conducted its complicated, harassing, and important operations. Firm and exacting in the execution of the trust imposed upon him, he has always been impartial, kind, and just to all. Demanding of those under him a faithful performance of duty, he has at no time required of us partisan service. This just and manly course, while it has secured us our independence in political affairs, has lifted the office above the control of partisan managers, and made it what it should be, a business institution operated solely in the interests of the people. During Colonel Snowden's administration of the office no employé has been discharged except for a cause that would have occasioned a removal from any well-conducted business establishment. He has punished the unfaithful and rewarded the meritorious, without reference to the political influences that usually bar the way to the execution of this just and equitable rule. His management of the Post-office has met the approval of the public and the department, as well as our respect and cordial support."

The Philadelphia papers unite in confirming this statement, and in praising the efficient management of the office. The *Evening Telegraph* has some remarks upon the general subject which are so good that we transfer them to our columns as expressing our own opinions, and those of a very large and constantly larger number of citizens. The *Telegraph*, alluding to the statement that no one has been discharged from the Post-office except for reasons that would have occasioned removal in any business house, says that the statement

> "might be taken with very slight alteration as the cardinal principle of civil service, and if it were, not only would the service become vastly more valuable to the community, but it would cease to have a controlling interest in politics, and relegate to Congress the political work that is now done by the party machine. There is nothing more desirable than that the machine shall be smashed all to pieces; and if the higher officials of the government who control departments and offices were to make no changes in office except for a cause that would have occasioned a removal from any well-conducted business establishment, the reform so greatly needed would be well upon its way. That which hinders it is that in the highest positions men are placed because they can control districts, and they surround themselves with those whose only qualifications are found in the ability to control precincts or divisions.
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> "Colonel Snowden adopted a different rule, and if he acted upon it as faithfully as he is reported to have done, he may be considered the first civil service reformer, or at least the first that has given the true principles of it practical application. The want of a large number of those controlling the offices following his example is shown within the limited area of this city, where a dozen men make all nominations, pack Conventions, and manage all the machinery of the elections. They are enabled to do this by a thorough organization of all the office-holders, who make a business of politics, and who hold their places or lose them just as they are able or unable to control votes or counts. The people at large take no more interest in politics than to go to the polls and vote the regular ticket, making no business of it, forming no combinations, and running no machine. It is, therefore, like an irregular mob fighting against an armed, disciplined, organized army; and the results are about the same—defeat for the rabble, victory for the army. That which is true of a single community is true also of the whole country, for its politics are managed by the office-holders. When the time shall arrive in which men will be appointed to office because of their fitness, and when they shall not be removed except for cause, the people will be something more than a cipher in politics. The adoption of Colonel Snowden's golden rule would go a long way toward securing an object so greatly desired."

This clear and vigorous statement exposes the vital evil of the system of patronage, and asserts the principle of a sound system of the service; and, as the *Telegraph* says, reform would be well upon its way if all the higher officers of the government acted upon Colonel Snowden's principle. But at present, as Mr. Potter remarks very forcibly in his late report, a President is elected chiefly to distribute all the minor offices and the places attached to them as spoils among the victorious party. This system, which places the control of politics in the hands of the office-holding class, will be overthrown by the good sense of the country. It is an abuse so dangerous and threatening that in 1801, although the national patronage was comparatively inconsiderable, Mr. Jefferson wrote that interferences at elections by office-holders "should be deemed cause of removal, because the constitutional remedy by the elective principle becomes nothing if it may be smothered by the enormous patronage of the general government." The order of President Hayes is in strict accord with the views of President Jefferson. So long as the spoils system continues, the interference of office-holders in the control of primaries and Conventions is inevitable. The remedy lies in a reasonable and honorable tenure, and that can be secured only by a system of original appointment which defies and defeats personal influence. When a place in the Custom-house is given as a reward to the man who can control the votes of two tenement-houses, he will be properly removed to make room for the man who can control the votes of three tenement-houses. And as long as sensible men acquiesce in such abuses, on the ground that they have always existed and are necessary to party government, they will become constantly worse, until the abuse becomes an imminent peril.

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

The Democratic contest for the Speakership will have ended, probably, when this paper is issued. As we write, it has a perfectly defined character. The more doubtful and dangerous elements and tendencies in the party are strenuously supporting the candidacy of Mr. Blackburn; the more moderate and conservative element, that of Mr. Randall. Mr. Blackburn is from Kentucky, and was a conspicuous "filibuster" during the electoral proceedings in February, 1877. His success would be that of the peculiarly aggressive, reckless, and desperate Democratic partisans. Mr. Randall is from Pennsylvania, and has been, upon the whole, an excellent Speaker, although a strong partisan. Behind both are the two Presidential candidates, Mr. Tilden and Mr. Thurman. Mr. Thurman is the choice of the Western Democracy, and he has made enormous bids for the favor of "the solid South." Indeed, no public man has more swiftly and recklessly squandered a high reputation in the pursuit of the Presidency than Mr. Thurman. He was regarded by his political opponents as a representative of the sounder and more conservative Democratic views. But his financial defection, and his eager leadership in the course which his Democratic colleague Mr. Bayard denounced as revolutionary and—followed, have cost him the respect and the confidence of many of his own party associates as well as of his party opponents. In the Speakership contest Mr. Blackburn is understood to represent Mr. Thurman and the Western and Southern wing of the party, while Mr. Randall stands for the Middle States, New York, and the East.

The extra session is the first stupendous Democratic blunder of the campaign of 1880. The declarations of Mr. Beck and Mr. Thurman have committed the party to a course which the country will not sustain. The defeat of Mr. Randall would be interpreted as the victory of jobbery, which he has resolutely withstood, and of the dangerous classes of his party. The election of Mr. Blackburn would give a great impulse to the Thurman candidacy, and Mr. Thurman has now become the representative of a spirit and tendency which the conservative and loyal instinct of both parties condemns and fears. Mr. Randall's success would be hailed as essentially favorable to Mr. Tilden's chances of the nomination. Mr. Blackburn has warmly declared himself for Mr. Thurman, and Mr. Tilden is distasteful to the Blackburn wing because of his refusal to advise a revolutionary movement in deciding the election of 1876. That wing is of opinion that his declining to say that being in his own judgment elected he proposed to take the Presidency, showed a dastardly want of vigor. We think, however, that the Blackburn wing will not complain of any want of vigor upon Mr. Tilden's part in securing the nomination.

HARVARD COLLEGE AND WOMEN STUDENTS.

The movement for the higher education of women has received a notable impulse from the recent action of Cambridge. The examinations of women held under the authority of Harvard College in New York, Cincinnati, and other cities have awakened great interest, and it is now proposed that arrangements shall be made for women who wish to pursue at Cambridge, and under the immediate care of the professors, precisely the same course which is studied in college. At the end of four years they are to receive, upon due examination, certificates which are to be precisely equivalent to the degree of A.B. conferred upon young men. It is a plan designed only for women who sincerely wish to study. The college will not acknowledge them. They will be private pupils of the professors, organized, as numbers may warrant, into classes, with the privilege of the library and of the college lectures which are now open to outsiders. A committee of ladies of Cambridge will serve as a board of management to secure proper lodgings for the students of this kind, and to establish with the professors a tariff of fees. The new plan will go into operation with the beginning of the next collegiate year in the autumn.

This is not what is known as co-education, a system which associates the young women and the young men in recitation-rooms and laboratories, and which is pursued at the Boston University and at Cornell and elsewhere. It does not give to study the traditional charm of college life, the good-fellowship, the community, the association, which are to most graduates the most precious part. Indeed, the peculiarity of college life, as it has been known among us hitherto, is its monkishness, its separation from the other sex. This is a practice which has great disadvantages and obvious perils, but it is almost an unbroken tradition. The Harvard plan is, however, a very great increase of opportunity for women who are sincerely desirous of pursuing advanced studies, because it offers them the use of all the resources of the university. But the American Cambridge, even with this advance, is still a little behind its English sister, for although the English Cambridge does not give a degree to the Girton students, the college authorities do give them a "degree certificate." These are delicate distinctions, but they are encouraging and significant. It is now announced that the English Cambridge is about to build a hall of residence for women students—a plan already adopted by Cornell University in the Sage College.

Girton College, in England, is an institution for women about four miles from Cambridge, and the classes are taught by the university professors. Study there is a serious business, as will be seen from the following statement of the examination for the certificate which is equivalent to the degree of A.B.:

> "It is divided into three parts, known in academical phrase as the previous examination, the general, and the special. The previous examination consists of two sections. In the first the student must prove her acquaintance with one of the four Gospels in the original Greek, one of the Latin classics, and one of the Greek classics. She must also be prepared to answer satisfactorily a series of questions on Latin and Greek grammar. Under the second head she is examined on Paley's *Evidences* and the first three books of Euclid, with occasional dippings into Books V. and VI. She will also be required to prove her proficiency in arithmetic and elementary algebra. Having escaped 'plucking' in this ordeal, she next approaches the second or general examination. The subjects of this are the Acts of the Apostles in the original Greek, one of the Latin classics, one of the Greek classics, algebra, elementary statics, and elementary hydrostatics and heat. She is further expected to translate into Latin prose one or more passages of English, to write an essay on a given subject, to punctuate and paraphrase one or more passages from Shakespeare or Milton, and to submit to be catechised on one of Shakespeare's plays. In addition there is the special examination in which a candidate for degree must pass, either in theology, moral philosophy, political economy, law, history, chemistry, geology, botany, zoology (including anatomy and physiology), or mechanism and applied sciences. This is for the ordinary degree. If a girl goes in for honors, and many of them do, she will have added to the previous examination algebra, elementary trigonometry, and elementary mechanics. She must also pass in one of the terrible triposes over which so many, trembling, trip."

Girton has been twice enlarged, and is always full; so are Newnham Hall and Norwich House, which have been temporarily taken for the accommodation of students. This is encouraging. The Cambridge certificate is of the utmost value to young women who seek places as governesses and as head clerks; and although only the richer students go to Girton, the prestige of the examination is universal. Our own Cambridge wisely and cautiously follows. The outside examinations were thought to be "very odd" by many worthy souls, who forget that "the world moves," but they have been cordially welcomed. The experience of Cornell and of Oberlin for many years, and of the Boston University, has shown that the perils most apprehended from coeducation are chimerical, and the present action of Harvard professors foreshows the gradual opening to women of every opportunity of the highest education.

STANLEY IN ENGLAND.

The London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing under date of January 30, after referring to the extraordinary success of certain books published last year in England, gives the following interesting facts in regard to Mr. Stanley's great work:

> "Still more extraordinary, bearing in mind the general tendency to economy, is the sale of Mr. Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent.* That book, it is true, is still in its first edition, but what an edition! It consisted of 6000 copies. The whole of the 6000 copies have been sold by the publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., and a second edition of 1000 is now being 'subscribed,' that is, sent round among the booksellers, each of whom puts down against his name the number of copies he will take.... Such a sale as that of Mr. Stanley's work is, I believe, absolutely without precedent. The book was issued at two guineas ($10)—a price at which few publishers would venture on printing 6000 copies, or half that number. But Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. showed both enterprise and good judgment in this case, as they did in Mr. Eugene Schuyler's *Turkestan*, also a two-guinea book, and now in its fifth edition. I hear that they paid Mr. Stanley $30,000. The nearest approach I know of to that is the $25,000 which Messrs. Macmillan & Co. handed over to Sir Samuel Baker for his *Ismailia*, which proved, I fear, a less successful speculation. Sir Samuel Baker's popularity was then on the wane; Mr. Stanley's was at its height when he came back from his last African journey, and for months he was one of the lions of London, the guest of the Geographical Society, and the hero of countless controversies. He is still lecturing in the provinces, and is concerned in some commercial enterprise with reference to the Livingstone River—an enterprise of sufficient importance and promise to justify him in declining a brilliant offer from a company of Manchester men who sought to float a large undertaking by help of his name and of his unrivalled knowledge of the country."

The success of Mr. Stanley's work in England, where he encountered, at the outset, the most bitter personal opposition, and was openly assailed as an impostor, must be gratifying to all patriotic Americans. His fame as an explorer, as the hero of one of the most wonderful exploits ever accomplished by a traveller, reflects honor upon the land of which he is a citizen, whose flag he has borne in triumph across the "Dark Continent;" and it is not a pleasant reflection that some of his own fellow-citizens should seek to deprive him of the rewards of his magnificent achievements. Two unauthorized accounts of his great journey down the Congo (now called the Livingstone) were published in this country, almost simultaneously with his own most fascinating narrative. One of these was stopped by an injunction; in the case of the other, issued by a Philadelphia house, the publishers pleaded that their volume was merely a compilation [made up by a literary "free lance"] from various sources, and that they did not pretend it was Stanley's narrative, although, by means of disingenuous advertising, they endeavored to impose it as such upon the public. In spite of these attempts the authorized American edition of Mr. Stanley's narrative, written by himself, and copyrighted and published by Harper & Brothers in two handsome and attractive volumes, has had a sale in this country more than twice as large as that of Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. in England. As the *Tribune* correspondent justly remarks, this sale is without precedent in the case of so costly a work. The demand is still unabated; and Mr. Stanley has the gratification of knowing that his countrymen not only recognize the importance of his achievements, and appreciate the interest of his own narrative, but also that the United States courts have rebuked those who endeavor to divert to their own profit the well-earned rewards of his daring and success.

A MACHINE IN DANGER.

The unanimity of the re-election of Mr. Conkling by the New York Republican Legislature seemed to show to many observers out of the State that his ascendency was supreme and unquestionable. If those observers, however, were more familiar with our State politics, they would see in the proceedings of the Assembly how strong is the protest against the machine of which Mr. Conkling is the head. The Republican party of New York has been for some time controlled by a clique of politicians well known in the State, some of whom held national offices in the city of New York, in close alliance with Mr. Conkling, the reputed source of patronage in Washington. How closely the Senator looks to the details of the patronage in the State is shown by a little incident which has come to our knowledge. The term of a postmaster in New York was expiring. He was an admirable and popular officer, a man of character and ability, who held himself wholly aloof from party management. There was no desire of change and no opposition to his re-appointment, and he was renominated at the beginning of the late session. Mr. Conkling had not been consulted upon the subject, and he succeeded in delaying confirmation until the very end of the session. It was amusing and characteristic; for what would become of the machine if it were understood that offices could be filled without permission first asked of the Senator?

Impatience of the control of the particular "ring" which has ruled the party has shown itself unmistakably in the Assembly. The contest for the Speakership revealed the two tendencies. Almost all the members, indeed, agreed that Mr. Conkling must be re-elected, and that was not the turning point. But the machine was devoted to the success of Mr. Alvord for the Speakership, and, of necessity, his opponent, Mr. Sloan, although he had early and warmly pronounced for Mr. Conkling's re-election, became the representative of the anti-machine feeling. The unanimity of the vote in the caucus by no means indicated unanimity of conviction or desire, and the re-election of Mr. Conkling, by ending the necessity of apparent harmony, restored the real situation. It is plain that the despotic ascendency of certain party managers will now be seriously questioned; and as they must depend upon patronage less than heretofore, the movement of protest will have very distinct results.

This is not surprising. In politics there must, indeed, be organization and leaders. The practical management of politics undoubtedly requires detailed knowledge of men and intelligent co-operation. All this is freely conceded. But the methods of management must be such as intelligent and patriotic men approve, and the leaders such as the same men gladly and willingly follow. In the days of the old Albany Regency, when Van Buren, Marcy, Flagg, Dix, and their associates controlled the Democratic party in New York, a Democrat could well say that he was satisfied with his party leadership. But as a party is necessarily judged by its leaders, and is held responsible for their character and conduct, the success of the party will depend not so much upon their adroit or unscrupulous management as upon the confidence which they inspire in the public mind. The power of the present management has been for so long a time apparently supreme that efforts to resist it seemed to be hopeless. The signs now, however, point to a wholesome change of feeling, which can not fail to be serviceable to the State.

AN IMPENDING CATASTROPHE.

The elevated railroads have been so very successful not only in returning a profit to the owners, but in gaining the favor of the public, that it is a matter of public concern in many ways to see them making a very grave mistake. They have gone far to solve the problem of rapid transit, and there is no comparison whatever between the elevated roads of New York and the sunken roads of London, so much pleasanter are the former. Moreover, the general vague apprehension of some great catastrophe has not been justified. Indeed, thus far, the security of the transit is as agreeable as the rapidity, and it should be remembered that the Ninth Avenue road has been in operation for some years without any serious accident whatever. Safety, indeed, was and is the first consideration. It was hard for the public to believe that the roads could be secure, that trains could be safely run on such trestle-work, and this feeling long delayed the experiment. Experience, however, has vindicated the enterprise, and it is universally agreed that the only thing of importance which the public can ask further of the companies is that nothing shall be done to diminish this feeling of confidence and security.

Unfortunately, however, the companies are now doing something that justly renews the general distrust, and which apparently insures some great calamity. They propose that tracks shall cross, and the crossing at Chatham Square is virtually completed. This is something which ought not to be tolerated, and the Legislature will betray its trust to provide for the general safety if it does not prohibit the crossing of main tracks. Automatic devices are very ingenious, but it is hardly conceivable that trains can be run every one or two or three minutes, upon elevated tracks that cross each other, without the most serious consequences. One grave disaster arising from the collision which such an arrangement promotes and invites would not only shock the community and compel a change, but it would shake general faith in the system. There is no reason whatever that such an appalling risk should be taken. The crossing of tracks should be peremptorily forbidden.

How easily the danger could be avoided, and should have been avoided, may be seen by looking at an elevated train, and reflecting how slight an elevation of one track and depression of the other would have enabled them to pass in perfect security. The companies, whose interest as well as duty it is to do nothing justly to excite public apprehension, have made a mistake which they should be compelled to repair. They have proceeded undoubtedly upon the theory that we are a happy-go-lucky community, and that after an explosion of censure in the press, what is every body's business being nobody's, nothing will be done. They undoubtedly suppose that as the tracks and the trains will be there, and as people must go up and down town, the good citizens will grumble, shrug their shoulders, and take the risk. Now what is every body's business is the Legislature's business. What no individual would attempt, the Legislature can do. It is the duty of the Legislature to prevent a calamity which is exceedingly probable if nothing be done to arrest it. The public at large can do nothing but protest. But there is not a person whose attention has been drawn to the subject who does not agree that something ought to be done. As we write, our warning is emphasized by the collision upon the switch in Franklin Square. If such an incident is possible when the track is wholly under the control of one company, what is to be expected when the same track is to be made to serve two companies?

PERSONAL.

Lord Beaconsfield will have his little *mot.* Recently when asked how long the Tories would remain in power, he replied: "As long as Mr. Gladstone lives."

—The late Mr. Brinley, of Hartford, made a bequest, not mentioned in his will, of $25,000 to several educational institutions, of which Yale receives $10,000. The larger part of this amount will be taken in books from the sale of his library.

—Mr. Farley, the new United States Senator from California, is a Virginian by birth, but went early in life to California. Over twenty years ago he was elected to the Assembly, and in 1856 was chosen Speaker. Afterward he served several terms in the Senate, where he was known as a worker and a student. A personal friend says: "It is impossible for me to speak of Farley as I really feel. I have known him intimately for twenty-four years, and have seen him grow steadily, strongly. I admire his powers of combination and generalship. I have seen a good deal that has been written about him, but never any thing that photographs his mental characteristics as I know them."

—The remains of Bayard Taylor, late United States minister to Germany, arrived at New York Thursday afternoon, March 13, on the steam-ship *Gellert.* The sarcophagus was escorted from the ship to the City Hall by a large delegation of the friends of the deceased, including 400 members of German singing societies, and placed on the pavement in front of the main entrance. A vast audience had gathered in the park to do honor to the memory of the dead poet. An impressive funeral dirge was then sung, after which the Hon. Algernon S. Sullivan delivered an oration on the poet's life and work. The remains lay in state in the Governor's Room all night, and the next morning were conveyed to Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, where they were buried on Saturday.

—Writing of the closing hours of the last Congress, a Washington correspondent says: "Notwithstanding the partisan feeling which pervaded both sides of the House of Representatives in the various matters that came up during the last hours of the session, there was a remarkable absence of personal animosity on the part of members toward their political opponents. Mr. Conger (Republican), of Michigan, was the most active and irritating of the antagonists against whose attacks the Democrats were constantly called upon to defend themselves, but yet he and Mr. Springer (Democrat), of Illinois, whom he seemed specially intent on tormenting, were, whenever they met in the aisles or when they acted as tellers together, in as amicable a mood as if no stinging sarcasms ever passed between them. It was the same with Messrs. Atkins and Foster, with Messrs. Southard and Garfield, and with all the other hostile elements."

—Although only a few weeks have elapsed since Mr. Henry James, Jun.'s, charming stories *Daisy Miller* and *An International Episode* were published, the demand for them has been so large as to call for several new editions. They are not only charming stories, but have a freshness and originality, and indicate a familiarity with the best society of England and America, that make them very attractive.

—In Hamerton's *Life of Turner*, recently published by Roberts Brothers, the personal appearance and habits of the great painter are thus sketched: "He was a person of unprepossessing appearance, short and thickset, with coarse features, and the general appearance of the skipper of some small merchant craft living on shore in the interval between two voyages. He does not seem ever to have set up for being what is called a gentleman, but had the style and manner of the lower middle class. He had great difficulty in expressing himself properly, which made him very reserved, and he was absolutely incapable of saying kind and polite things in an easy and graceful way, though not at all incapable of doing them." Probably no artist was ever more industrious or more pecuniarily successful than Turner, yet he shrouded himself in mystery, had scarcely any intimates, admitted few persons to his painting-room, would disappear for months at a time from his usual haunts, and finally died in an obscure house in the suburbs of London, where he was known as "Mr. Brooks."

—Mr. Wilkie Collins expresses his belief that the English quarterlies never get a new subscriber. "They languish rather than live," he says, "on clubs, institutions, and old subscribers."

—About a year ago a letter appeared in a Manchester newspaper, on constitutional privileges, signed "Verax." Others followed in quick succession, and created a profound sensation all over Great Britain. At one bound an indifferent Baptist preacher vaulted into the front rank of great constitutional writers—a most difficult field for literary success. The author is the Rev. Henry Dunckley. Recently his admirers gave him a quantity of silver plate and 300 volumes of books. The subscription was limited to one guinea each, and over 700 gentlemen enrolled themselves as subscribers. His speech was a very able one, and they allude to him as "a second Junius."

—The present Pope, Leo XIII., is an incessant worker. His admirable letters are all written by himself, and he devotes many hours of the night to solitary study. It is his custom to dismiss his chamberlains a little after 10 P.M., and to sit down to his writing-table. He is an early riser. One morning recently at 7 A.M. the chamberlain in waiting, perceiving the usual hour to be passed for the ringing of the Pope's bell, knocked lightly at the chamber door, and getting no answer, entered the room of the pontiff, whom he found sitting at his table with his head supported by his arm, and sound asleep. The candles were still burning. He had been overcome with sleep, and had not been in bed.

—Hon. Benjamin F. Butler's annual income from investments in stocks and bonds at Lowell, Massachusetts, is rated in the tax list at $75,000.

—M. B. Xavier Santine sent a copy of his famous book *Picciola* to a young man in the prison of Ham in 1843. The captive, who had been in advance of the hour of his mission, wrote a letter expressing his appreciation. In this letter the prisoner wrote:

> "*Picciola*, addressed to me at Ham, is an agreeable souvenir, a lesson, and at the same time a consolation. Your book recalls to me the good heart of my grandmother, and it teaches me the instability of human events. It re-assures me in proving that the philosopher possesses hidden in his heart treasures which can afford him happiness at his own pleasure, and that if the powerful receive much homage, the oppressed have some devotions which, by their sincerity and tenderness, are more precious than the applause of the crowd. Receive, monsieur, my thanks for your souvenir, and believe in my esteem. Napoléon Louis."

The following day Santine received a heliotrope cultivated by the illustrious captive on the terrace of his prison, with the words of the future Emperor: "Offered by the prisoner of Ham to the author of *Picciola.*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Thirteen vessels of the Gloucester fishing fleet that went out a month ago were lost in the February gales, and their crews of 143 men were drowned.

Congress having omitted the item of $3,000,000 from the Civil Appropriation Bill, provision for that purpose must be made in the Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Bill at the extra session. The total amount appropriated by the River and Harbor Bill is $7,833,100.

The New York State Senate, on the 12th inst., refused to remove Superintendent Smyth of the Insurance Department. The vote was 12 for removal and 17 against.

Governor Prescott, of New Hampshire, has appointed Charles H. Bell United States Senator for the extra session, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the expiration of the term of Senator Wadleigh.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A terrible disaster occurred in Hungary on the 12th inst. The river Theiss broke through the dikes, and sweeping over the city of Szegedin, destroyed hundreds of buildings, and made 60,000 people homeless. It is reported that 300 lives were lost.

The foreign physicians in Astrakhan declare that the epidemic has died out, as there have been no cases since the 9th ult. The military cordon has therefore been withdrawn.

The French Chamber of Deputies, on the 13th inst., by a vote of 317 to 159, rejected the motion for the impeachment of the De Broglie and Rochebouet cabinets, but adopted a motion declaring that they had betrayed the government.

Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, the third son of Queen Victoria, and the Princess Louisa Margaret of Prussia, were married at St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 13th inst.

The British government has sent a messenger to Cabool to treat with Yakoob Khan.

A large force of Zulus attacked the British troops under Colonel Pearson on the 13th ult., but they were defeated with enormous loss, and pursued to Entamedi, one of the native military kraals. After repulsing the attack the soldiers burned the place.

A new Spanish cabinet is announced, as follows: General Martinez-Campos, Minister of War and President of the Council; Señor Molana, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Señor Silvela, Minister of the Interior; Señor Avala, Minister of the Colonies; Admiral Pavia, Minister of Marine; Count de Toreno, Minister of Works; the Marquis de Orovio, Minister of Finance; Señor Aurioles, Minister of Justice.

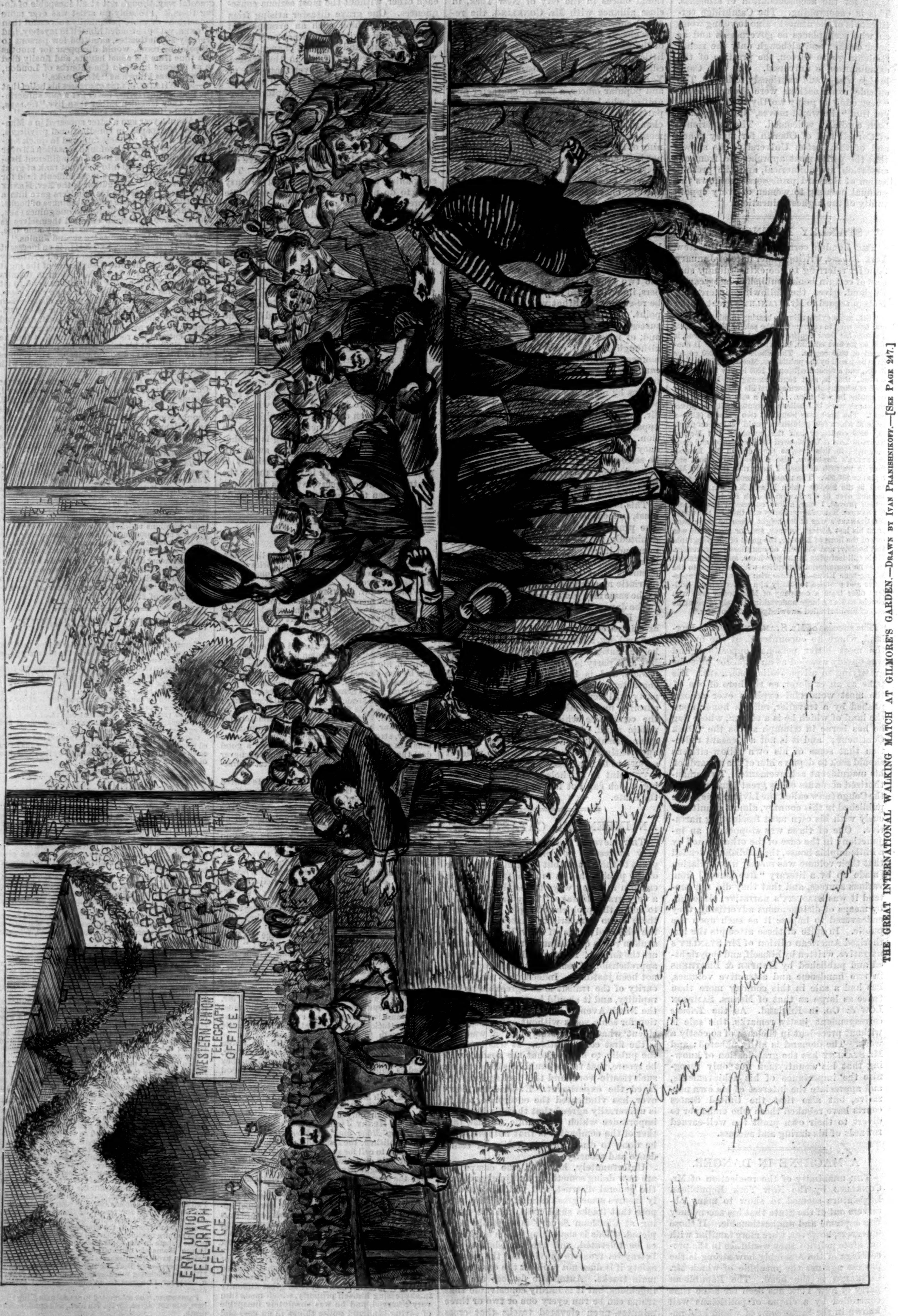
Two important measures have been rejected by the British House of Commons, the one in favor of woman suffrage (by a vote of 217 to 103), and the other restraining by some efficient system of local option the issue of liquor licenses (by a vote of 252 to 164.)

The situation in Upper Burmah is regarded as very serious for European residents. It is asserted that while the recent massacres at the instance of the king amounted to only forty, the killing was attended by every conceivable atrocity. The victims were beaten and kicked. The women were shamefully abused. The royal princes were reserved to the last, and made to witness the torture and death of their families. The bodies of all the victims were thrown into old wells.

A dispatch from Constantinople says the Sultan ratified the Russo-Turkish treaty on the 10th, and exchanged congratulations with the Czar.

The German Reichstag, on the 7th inst., rejected the Parliamentary Discipline Bill, and also a motion from the Conservatives for rendering the standing orders more stringent, but consented to the appointment of a committee to report to the House whether its regulations require modification.—On the 10th, in the course of the debate in the same body on the cattle plague, Prince Bismarck ostentatiously quitted the House twice to avoid the disagreeable necessity of listening to the speeches of Herr Richter (Progressist).—On the 11th, the Reichstag voted against a motion in favor of a European Congress to arrange a general disarmament.

Passanante, who attempted to assassinate King Humbert, was convicted, on the 7th inst., and condemned to death.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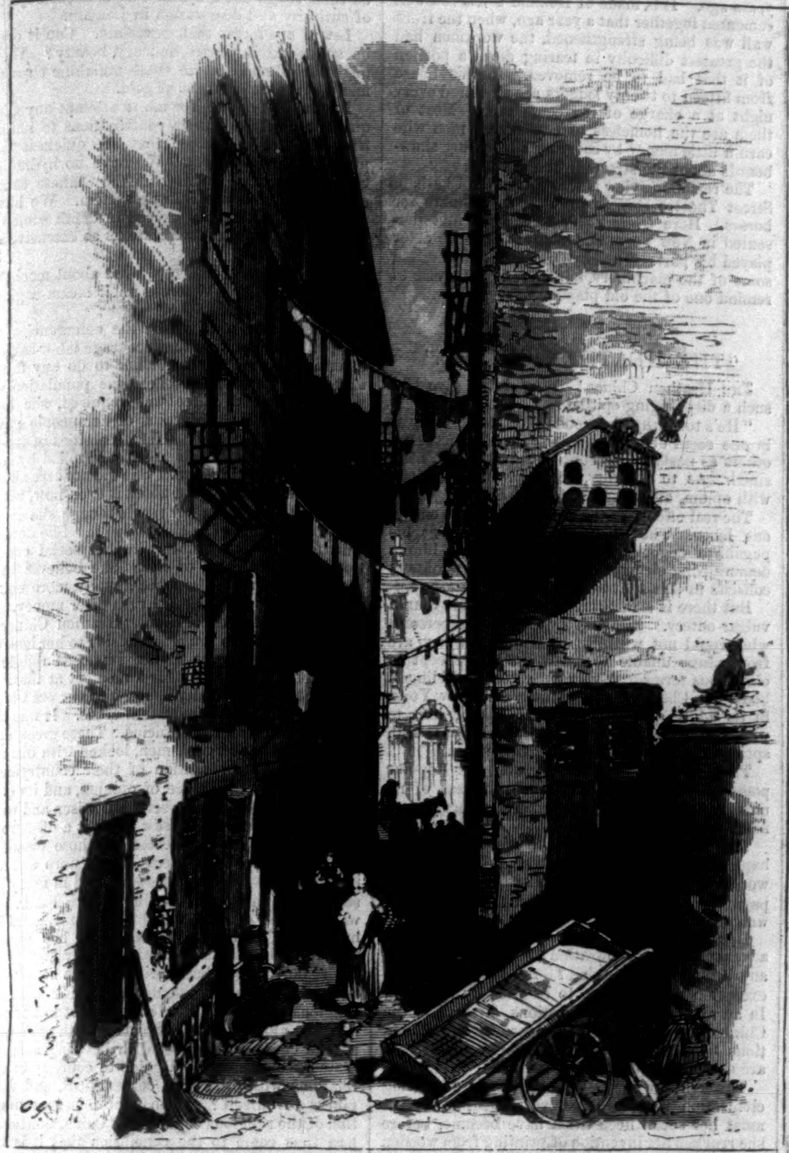
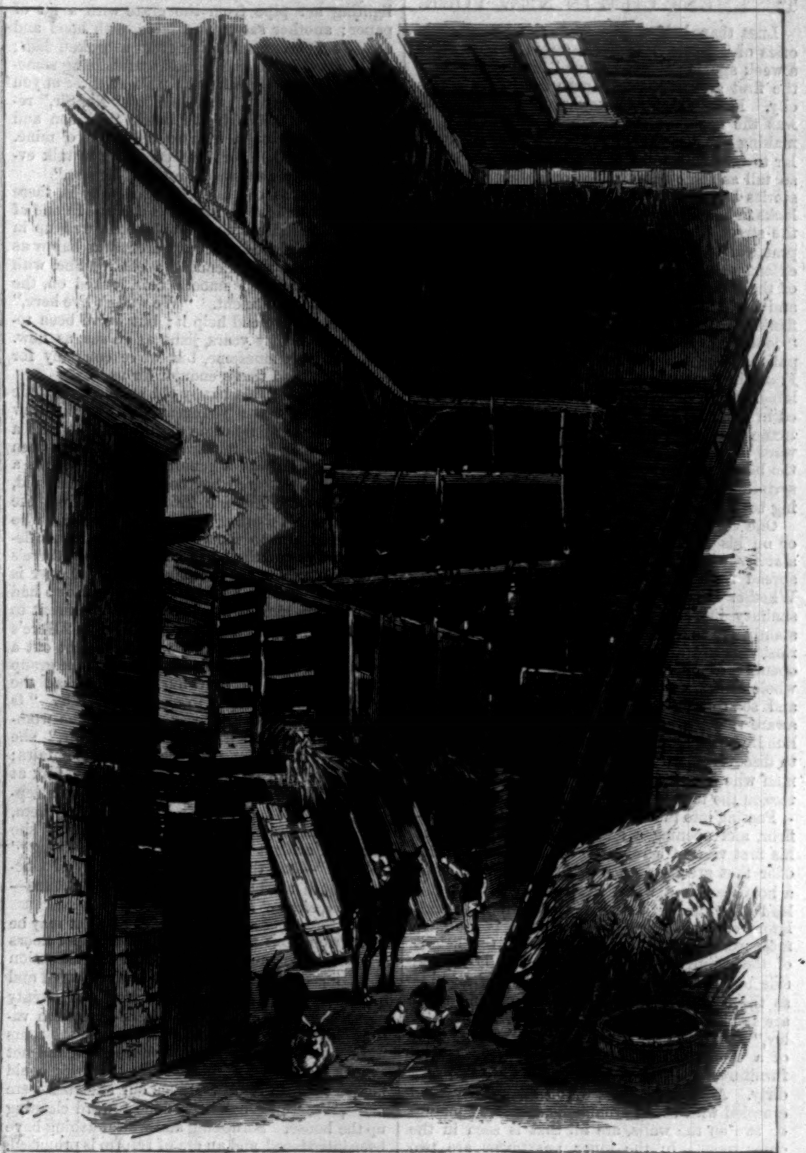
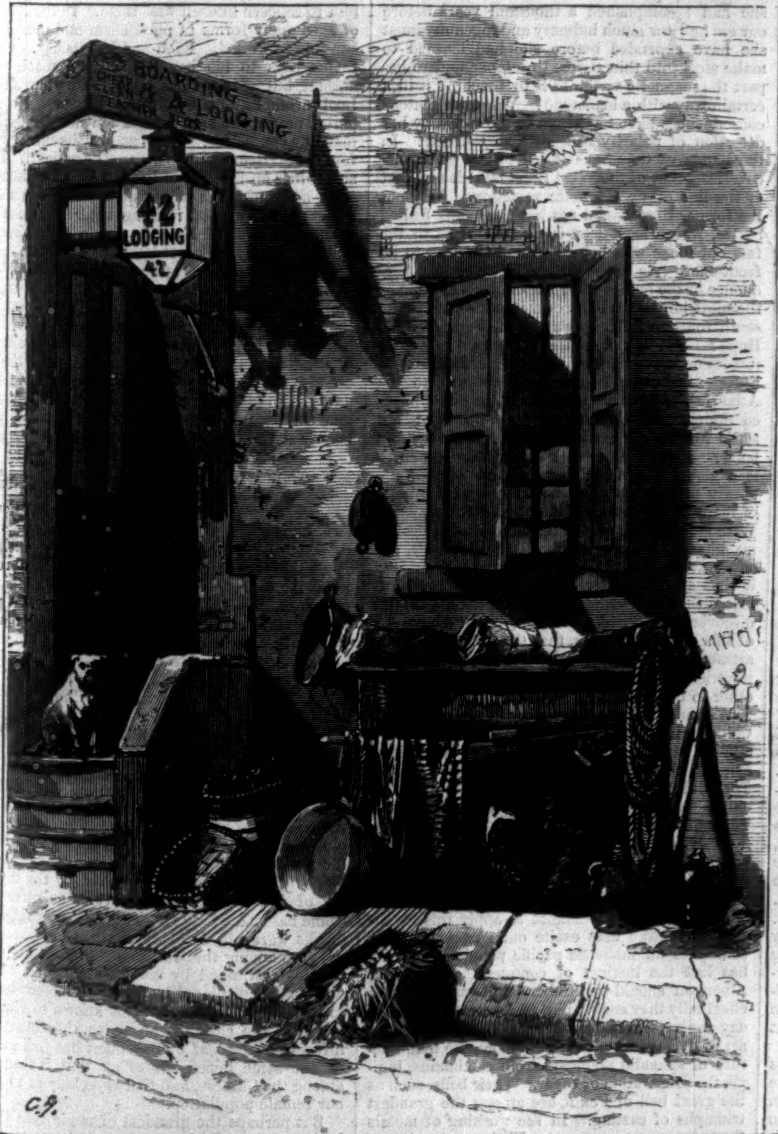
THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL WALKING MATCH AT GILMORE'S GARDEN.—DRAWN BY IVAN PRANISHNIKOFF.—[SEE PAGE 247.]



WEST GOTHAM COURT, CHERRY STREET.



STAGE OF THE OLD CHATHAM STREET THEATRE, NOW USED AS A STABLE.



LODGING-HOUSE AND JUNK-SHOP, CHERRY STREET.

ENTRANCE TO AN ALLEYWAY, CHERRY STREET.

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK—SKETCHES IN THE FOURTH WARD.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

TENEMENT LIFE IN NEW YORK.

Less than half a mile from the rotten rookeries of "Bottle Alley," illustrated by our artist a week ago, is "Gotham Court," on Cherry Street, the first great tenement-house ever built in this city. Forty years ago it was erected, and that was the beginning of the iniquitous system of making big houses and crowding them from cellar to roof with the unfortunate poor. It is not so tall as some of the later ones, being but five stories high, but it makes up in length what it lacks in height. With a frontage of thirty feet on the street, it runs back 300 feet, and is divided practically into two buildings by a partition wall extending all the way from front to rear. One of these divisions faces a court on the east side, and the other a court on the west. These two flanking courts have given it the name of the "double alley," as it is sometimes called by the police. The western court, or that one nearest Franklin Square, is the one shown in the upper left-hand corner of the page of sketches published in this number. The point of view is the extreme upper end of the court, looking down toward the street. The building on the left faces the barracks, but does not belong to it. Our description covers only the great building, including both its sides.

One very remarkable thing strikes the observer on his first visit, and that is the surprising alacrity with which the news of his arrival is spread from one end of the row to the other. Whether it is the dread of the police, or of the sanitary inspectors, that keeps the people constantly on the alert, or whether it is simple curiosity, is not known, but something leads to the opening of every door and window along the whole line in an incredibly short space of time, and soon the searcher after facts is painfully aware that his every movement is watched by a hundred pairs of eager eyes. Among the first to discover the advent of the stranger is the old man who keeps the "coort," and under his protection the tour is made with perfect safety.

Passing into the nearest hallway on the ground-floor, and opening a side door, the visitor gets his first view of a room in the big house. The odor that greets his nose is worse than that of a horse-car on a warm wet morning with a full load of steaming passengers and all the ventilators closed. Ten by fourteen feet is the floor measurement, and barely seven feet the height of the ceiling. Opening out of this is a little side bedroom just as long but only half as wide as the main apartment. The ceiling and walls are as black as the worst of those in "Bottle Alley," and the uncarpeted floor is sadly in need of a thorough scrubbing. There is very little furniture, and that of the meanest kind and very dirty. A stove, a table, a few chairs, a mantel crowded with cheap ornaments, a colored picture or two on the walls, are all that is seen in the outer room. In the inner apartment are two bedsteads, supplied with bedding soiled beyond the possibility of finding out its original colors. How any one can lie down upon it and sleep is a mystery to one who is used to clean, sweet linen and a well-aired mattress. Into these lower rooms the sunlight hardly ever enters, being shut out by the high walls on the opposite side of the narrow court, and at noon on a cloudy day it is as dark as early evening elsewhere.

The moment the door was opened the old woman who occupies the place began scolding the alley-keeper at the top of her voice. "How can I live here in the dark? Shure it isn't fit for a haythen, so it isn't. Whin are ye goin' to lave me out o' this?" she exclaimed. "Didn't I offer to put you up above?" he asked. "Up above, indade! Don't ye know as well as the loife is in ye that I can't carry the wather up and down the shtairs?" This and much more was said while the inspection was going on.

Beating a hasty retreat from this room, the party was met by a little withered-up old woman who lives opposite. "Gintlemen, wud yez luk at the bit of a place they axes me foor dollars a month for? Shure it's so dark that I musht go out intil the coort to thread me needle. As thrue as I live there's no lie in what I'm tellin' ye;" and seizing the visitor by the arm, she led him in. A pan of fish was frying over the fire. The place was filled with smoke, and an indescribably sickening odor pervaded it. "How do you manage to pay the rent, auntie?" was asked. "Me grandson boords wi' me, Sir, or I cudn't live at all." "Oi'll tell ye what's the matther with that ould 'oman," chimed in the alley man—"she wants to git married agin, an' she afther buryin' three o' them." This playful thrust had the designed effect of diverting her from the main subject; her face lighted up in an instant, and she broke into a fit of hearty laughter, as she screamed: "Indade, I wud marry agin if I had the chance."

"You have a hard time with these tenants," the visitor remarked, as he turned to leave. "Indade I do not," said the old man. "They're only takin' advantage of the company, Sir. Whin I'm be mysel' I'm a bit rough wi' them, and keep them civil."

Nearly every room on the lower floor was found to be like those just described—small, dark, and dirty—and every tenant had her grievances, which she poured forth at the first opportunity. "Bad luck t' them," said one; "I fill intil the cellar lasht week—how cud I help it, Sir?—and hurt mysel' bad, so I did." She was a sad-faced creature, and as she went on to tell her story her eyes filled with tears. She was obliged to live there, she said, because she was desperately poor. "Not a cint comin' in but tin cints a noight from two girls as lodges wi' me, and whatever 'll I do now? Wan o' them's jisht come in from work wi' her fut shprained. She's lyin' on the bed in there. Oh, if I only had me ould man back agin! He's been dead these fifteen years. I have no one now but God himsel', Sir."

The next room was evidently a meeting-place for gossips. A dirty old woman sat by the stove lighting her pipe from the grate with a bit of paper; another sat by the table, with hood and shawl on, eating something from a broken dish; while the third busied herself with mixing something in a big yellow bowl. "Do all three of you live in this room?" was asked. "No, Sir," replied the woman with the bowl; "me son and me is the only ones. These are frinds o' mine. They lives in the coort, and comes in to talk every day. It takes away the lonesomeness."

But dark as the alley life generally is, there are some bright spots here and there. In one of these we found a sunny couple, both well up in years, clean and tidy, and apparently as happy as children. He was mending a chair. She, with her white cap and smooth hair, looked on, the picture of contentment. "We wudn't live here," she said, "if we cud help it; but we've been together these fifty years, jisht as ye see us now. Och, yis, it *is* lonesome, but we're company for each other, and that's enough for us."

Not far from this happy old couple lives little **Danny Burke**, the youngest newsboy in New York. He had just come down the stairs with a troop of other children, among whom it was seen at a glance he was a general favorite. He is a fair-haired, blue-eyed boy not yet four years old, who "sells the *Evening Telegram*, and gives the pennies to his mother," so a by-stander said who introduced him to the visitor. "Till the gintleman how ye coll the papers, love; do now, there's a noice b'y," she said, coaxingly. But **Danny** is a bashful boy, and not until a penny or two had been offered him as a bribe would he consent to "coll." Then, in great glee, he cried out, "Here's *Even' Teldram*, two cents!" which brought out a chorus of delightful exclamations from the group about him, and off they hurried to spread the good news and possibly to share the spoils. "Is he your boy, madam?" was asked of the woman who had praised **Danny**. "No, Sir," she answered; "he belongs to the woman up shtairs; but I've wan insoide that 'll match him. Luk at that, Sir;" and she pointed to a little one sleeping in the cradle. "She's had twelve o' them, Sir," put in the old man. "Indade I have," she said, with evident pride. "Are they all living?" "No, Sir"—and then came the sad story of tenement-house mortality, a sermon in a sentence—"No, Sir, *siven o' them are dead*."

The foregoing are but samples of what may be seen throughout the building. The upper floors are as bad as the lower one, with the exception of having more light. But they are crowded and filthy. Eighty of the one hundred and twenty rooms are occupied. The others have been vacant since the close of the war, because the rents were too high. The tenants moved out, and not even a reduction of one-half in the price could induce them to return. Since our sketches were made, something has been done toward cleaning up the house. Scrubbing and whitewashing have been introduced, and an era of reform is promised.

"Divil a bit of sickness is iver here," said the old man, hacking and coughing at almost every word. "You are not very well yourself, are you?" was asked at a venture. "Oh, I'm betther than I was. The docthor is givin' me somethin' to cure me cowld an' give me an appetite, an' the foine fresh air is helpin' me. Oh, ye needn't be afeared, the childer don't die here; it's only the ould ones."

Bidding good-by to Peter and his "coort," the artist crossed the street and entered one of the short alleys so common in that locality. A view of it appears on the lower right-hand corner of our page. Getting well inside, the visitor sees two dirty-looking brick houses, facing each other, with broken windows and a general appearance of dilapidation. Four and a half dollars a month is the rent asked for a room and bedroom in the lower part, but the alley man said, "for five dollars ye cud have the swatest little kitchen besoides." It beats the world how wholesome all these dreadful places are. This back yard was even healthier than the one over the way—at least the old man said so; but looking up at the windows, we saw two little faces pressed against the panes, with the pallor of death upon them. It is all very well to say that these abodes of filth and misery are exempt from disease, but statistics show that seventy out of every hundred deaths in this city occur in tenement-houses.

Dr. **Stephen Smith**, an authority on this question, says: "One-half the deaths of the city are of children under five years of age. Since 1872 the deaths in New York have been 32,647, of whom 16,188 were under five years. The mortality is not the sum total of the damage. Where there is one death there are seventy-five cases of sickness. No alarm seems to be caused by the great number of children that annually die in our midst. The indifference long manifested in this particular is not very creditable. This waste of life is preventable. Foul-air diseases kill one-half the children. The spring and summer months mark the deaths of two-thirds of the children. July and August are the most fatal months, one-half the entire number dying at this period of the year. The heat, bad food, and filth are agencies that bring about the great mortality of the young. On the floors, on the walls, in the beds, and in the clothes of the poor in tenement-houses are the germs of disease. Vermin abound every where. Some may be harmless, but many are poisonous. The vegetables they buy are stale, the meat they procure unwholesome, and neither are properly cooked. The children never bathe, and they never can be found in our parks. If the poor children could be taken to Central Park two or three times a week during the pleasant months, a great good would be accomplished."

Two of the views given by Mr. **Graham** are bits picked up while he was making the tour of the tenement district. One is a lodging-house on Cherry Street, near Roosevelt Street, kept by an old man, whose junk-shop is in the cellar. This is one of the oldest houses in New York, having been built by a Dutch family nearly two hundred years ago. It is made of Holland bricks, so well cemented together that a year ago, when the front wall was being strengthened, the workmen had the greatest difficulty in tearing down a portion of it that had to be removed. In this house from fifteen to twenty lodgers are sheltered every night at a charge of ten cents each. Most of them are the homeless and friendless men who earn a little money by carrying advertising show-boards about the streets in the daytime.

The remaining view is that of the old Chatham Street Theatre stage, now used as a stable for horses. Here *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was first presented in New York, and many a favorite actor played his part. The sky-light still remains, and some of the machinery, but there is little else to remind one of the old play-house.

"THE HEATHEN CHINEE."

The Heathen Chinee! Why do we give him such a disparaging epithet?

"He's too filthy, the moon-eyed leper. He lives in one room of a tenement shanty, with twenty others as nasty as himself. He has a bad, fishy smell. As to morality, he makes himself tipsy with opium, and—look at his joss-house."

The real offense of the Chinese is that he cheapens labor. The ostensible offense is that his paganism engenders vices which make him a demoralizing element of society. His weakness consists in this, that he has no vote.

But there is something more important than a vulgar outcry. Many highly respectable persons, who would not willfully do him any injury, are from usage unable to speak of him except in obnoxious terms. A very enlightened and liberal body, the Chamber of Commerce of New York, in its address to the President asking him to withhold his signature to the anti-Chinese Bill, speaks of China as the "heathen empire."

Then, as we all know very well, our popular poets have not spared him. In stanzas of no uncertain merit he figures under his accustomed name as a cheat at cards.

The Amaiman cuts off a cow's tail, dries it, hangs it up on a peg, and then falls down and worships it as a goddess. That is heathenism, paganism. But that is not what a Chinaman would do.

Has this people contributed any thing to the advancement of civilization? Has it conferred any benefits on mankind? All nations without exception must submit to be tried by that test. In an answer to these questions, directed to the Chinese, we shall find a measure of our obligations to them—of the courteous treatment they are entitled to demand at our hands.

Through how many years of slowly advancing civilization must China have passed, how great must her social necessities have become, before she reached her invention of printing from wooden blocks, and its necessary requisites, the manufacture of paper and of suitable ink. Yet these she had accomplished a thousand years before our era! How much industry and ingenuity must she have expended before she had learned to make steel into thin strips, to temper and to impart the magnetic virtue to it by touching it in a certain way with a loadstone! What momentous consequences have happened to the world by her detection of polarity in a strip so touched! In the hands of Columbus it led to two great discoveries—that of the West India Islands and that of the line of no magnetic variation. Without the former there would not have been any United States, whose back-door is now slammed in the faces of those who helped to find the way to its front-door. As to the latter, did it not, in consequence of the bull of Pope Alexander VI.—one of the most important bulls ever issued—lead to the south route to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope? Did it not cause the great industrial revolution that changed the commercial front of Europe from the North Mediterranean to the Atlantic? Above all, when Magellan accomplished the circumnavigation of the earth, did it not settle forever the greatest of geographical problems? Nobody after that denied that the earth is a globe. Does not her discovery of the temporary magnetism of soft iron rest at the basis of many of our most brilliant modern inventions? Without it where would be our dynamo-electric machines, our Gramms, our Ruhmkorf coils, our expectation of electric illumination? What was it that sustained Oersted in all the disappointments that for twenty years preceded his capital discovery of electro-magnetism, one of the glories of this century, but this, that the law of magnetic attractions and repulsions is the same as that for electricity? The one is due to the Chinese, the other to the French.

We must count among the most important of Chinese inventions that of gunpowder. They studied very thoroughly the chemical qualities of sulphur, charcoal, nitre, and this mixture of them. They did not care to apply it to warlike uses, but exhausted their skill in its pyrotechnic display. Their fire-works are the finest in the world. A good Jesuit tells us how he saw with astonishment a trellis of red grapes, green leaves, and the wood of the trellis represented in fire. We have no works of the kind which they do not surpass. Nor should their reluctance to apply this invention to warlike uses excite our surprise. They constitute an immense pacific population, which has lost the instinct of conquest. The young American should remember with gratitude how effectually they enable him to celebrate the birthday anniversary of his nation. They excel in the art of dyeing, the making of colors, the manufacture of splendid pigments from carthamus, indigo, the preparation of sugar. Their bells, such as the great bell of Pekin, are among the grandest triumphs of casting. In the working of metals they possess many secrets. Their magic mirrors, which show by reflection of sun rays from their polished front the images of things represented on their rough back, are at this moment objects of curiosity and disputation in London.

Let us not forget their porcelain. Can it ever be surpassed in purity, delicacy, beauty? Well might the Romans prize these murrhine cups at many times their weight of gold.

It would be in vain for me to attempt any adequate statement of their contributions to industrial art. Of all people they see quickest the practical side of a fact. We have no hydraulic constructions as imposing as the Chinese canal system; it rivals our railway system. We have no Artesian wells that exceed in depth some of theirs. We have no fortifications as extensive as the Chinese wall.

Well, but, says somebody, what about mechanical engineering? Where is their steam-engine, their locomotive?

China has been driven by the emergencies of her political condition to discourage labor-saving inventions. It was not for her to do any thing that might deprive her enormous population of work. Wherever force was required, she had plenty of hands; the genius of her people gave her plenty of patience. Her necessities of intercommunication were abundantly supplied by her magnificent canal system. She did not care about speed, nor does she care about it even now, when the railway is within her reach, though she could spend thousands of millions upon it. She doubts whether it is compatible with her social condition, her quiet habit of life. She believes that the life of man may be more happily, more nobly spent than in a disgraceful rush after money.

The offensive expression, "Heathen Chinee," is, however, not so much in allusion to her lack of scientific capacity as to her supposed religious condition. Let us look for a moment at that.

About five hundred years before our era China passed through an intellectual crisis. It was the epoch of Lao-tse and Confucius. These great, and I think I may add good men, looked with dismay on the religious condition of their countrymen. They saw how difference of opinion, and its consequence, divisions into sects, had arisen and were daily increasing. They saw in what a disastrous manner society was affected by those dissociations. The countless sects which were swarming into life stood in an isolated and in many instances an inimical relation to each other. It was a scene of rivalry and hatred, tempered by hypocrisy. Confucius in his youth had sought the friendship of Lao-tse, who was by fifty years his senior. Both had arrived at the conviction that men can never be made to think alike on religious subjects. Then is it not best to let such subjects alone in our intercourse with each other, and content ourselves with devising a social system which shall be a guide to courtesy in our relations with others, to contentment, and happiness to ourself? From a profound examination of the religious condition of China, Confucius had thus come to the conclusion that it is not given to man to attain to certainty or unity in theological matters, and therefore it is useless for him to concern himself with them. In the course of ages many forms of polytheism and monotheism had prevailed. Each had had its day. Confucius says to his countrymen: "I teach you nothing but what you can discover for yourselves. Look around and use your own reason. No superior power has sent me. I am nothing but a man like yourselves. Don't make existence a wild fever of excitement; be virtuous, be patient. The sun shines on the dial of life but for a few hours; seize and enjoy the bright moment as you may. What is the use of running after the parting shadow of time? Let every man rule himself and his family in accordance with virtue. Let him obey the emperor, who is the representative of the law, as he desires his children to obey him. In the long ages that are passed our fathers were extracting wisdom from experience; let us never forget that we are what we are because of what they thought. Let us set firmly before our eyes the conclusions to which they came. Let us do homage to our dead. Let not the grave hide from us forever so much that is noble and beautiful and good."

Is not ancestral worship parted by many degrees from heathenism?

So arose this worship in China. Doubtless it has greatly conduced to political stability, though it has retarded progress. The Chinese has no desire to be more learned than his forefathers. His guide in life can scarcely be called a religion; he considers it as nothing more than a means of conducting himself honorably and prudently, of teaching him how to discharge his social and political duties, of cultivating industry, modesty, sobriety, gravity, decorum, thoughtfulness. He says to his friends, "Religions are many, reason is one; let us be brothers."

Lao-tse, the forerunner of Confucius, stands, as it were, on the boundary line of the physical aspirations of the old Chinese times and the indifferentism of the new. He recommends his countrymen not to give up the investigation of nature, and especially to direct their attention to the preparation of an elixir of life. That the vegetable world contains material admirably calculated for the benefit of man, both in a physical and moral sense, seemed to be proved by the discovery of tea, one of the most valuable gifts that China has made to the human race. Intoxicating drinks were not forbidden, as was subsequently the case among the Mohammedans, nor their use forcibly restrained by law, as among us. They were simply displaced by what was acknowledged to be a better beverage. Not known to Europeans until the close of the sixteenth century, the infusion of the leaf of this plant has had among us the same beneficent effect that it has had among the Chinese, and that especially as regards our female population.

But perhaps the grandest example that China has offered to the human race is her attempt—far from being unsuccessful—at the organization of her national intellect. By a system of well-designed competitive examinations she singles out her ablest men; to these eventually she intrusts the management of state affairs. The basis from which she starts is universal education. People sometimes are astonished at the solidity and durability of her institutions, and wonder how she can control four hundred millions of subjects. The explanation is to be found in this, her policy. And now Christian nations, even our own, are attempting to follow her example, to lay their foundation on universal education, compulsory if need be, and then to sort out their ablest minds. The Chinese method, which takes literature as its standard, would be unsuitable among us, but the principle might be applied in other modes better suited to our case.

Surprise is often expressed that so many Chinese inventions and discoveries reached Europe between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries. An explanation has been sought in the commercial transactions of Venice and Genoa, but, singularly enough, the wars of Gengis-Khan seem to have been completely overlooked. The empire of this Tartar conqueror reached from China to Poland. A contemporary estimate of its intellectual importance is marked by the foundation of a professorship of the Tartar language in the University of Paris. A great service might be rendered to modern literature by one who would carefully study the political effect of these military movements, which occurred when Europe was at what might be called an epoch of her life. It was the boast of this great Mongol conqueror that any person might pass through his dominions from one end of Asia to the other without molestation or even question. There was no reason why Chinese discoveries should not come.

Now I have offered some reasons why we should cease to speak of the Chinese in terms of opprobrium, why we should look upon them with sincere respect. Heathen Chinee! Let us abstain from that insult. It may, however, perhaps be said that while all this applies to the educated and polite classes, it does not apply to the degraded specimens that are so obnoxious to the Californians. To this I answer that what concerns us is the present use of this people, and their prospective capabilities. At present they are here as laborers, and must be compared with the laboring emigrants of any other nation. So far as industry, frugality, sobriety are concerned, they do not appear to disadvantage in that comparison. But when the time comes that awakened justice or the rivalries of politicians shall give to them what seems to be in a republic necessary for self-protection—a vote—they will begin to settle here, and the career they will be capable of may be foretold by what in past ages they have done.

John W. Draper.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MARCH.

Sunday, 30.—Fifth Sunday in Lent.

The next World's Conference of the Evangelical Alliance will be held in Basle, Switzerland. It will open on the 31st of August next, and close September 7. The committee of arrangements invite the attendance of all members and friends of the Alliance; they say, however, "Our friends must not expect to find among us the same character of grandeur exhibited at the later gatherings, of Amsterdam and of New York in particular; but the certainty that this difference will be understood by all, helps to calm our fears." The sessions will be held in the great hall of the Vereinshaus and in the St. Martin's Church. The opening address will be delivered by the president, M. Charles Sarasin, Councillor of State; among the speakers and essayists will be the Rev. Drs. Von Oosterzee, Schaff, Stoughton, Pressensé, Christlieb, Arthur, and J. F. Hurst. Arrangements will be made for special meetings in the English language.

All who have read the story of the *Missing Link; or, Bible Women in the Homes of the London Poor*, will learn with regret of the death of Mrs. Ellen Ranyard, the founder of the mission bearing that name. She had reached the ripe age of seventy years. Mrs. Ranyard first became known to the public by *The Book and its Story*, a volume intended to convey information of the circulation of the Bible in modern times, which has been republished in French, German, and Dutch. She entered upon a career of greater usefulness when she undertook to demonstrate that by going to the homes of the poor and reading the Bible to them, the inmates could be led to a better life. The Missing Link Mission, as it was called, founded by her, expanded till it employed 200 Bible women in London, and disbursed over £16,000 annually. Its total receipts during twenty-two years aggregated £323,597. This happy thought was adopted in other cities. The Missing Link Mission supported Bible women in Beyrout, Damascus, Jaffa, Berlin, Madrid, Bordeaux, Genoa, Athens, and Constantinople. Out of the Bible-reading work grew a mission to the sick. Mrs. Ranyard was a member of the Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London. Besides her gratuitous labor, she gave to her mission largely from her own purse.

Prince Bismarck is reported to have said at a recent dinner given to members of the German Parliament that "peace was not likely to be made with Rome so soon as was generally expected."

It is remarkable how entirely English Protestants and Catholics agree in their opinions of the personal excellence of John Henry Newman. In some respects the Protestant eulogies of his character, occasioned by the recent offer of the cardinalate to him, exceed the Catholic. Thus the Nonconformist *Christian World* says: "As a mere distinction, the title of cardinal could scarcely add to Dr. Newman's honor or fame. The grandeur of his character has towered above the disputes of conclaves and the strife of factions, and that earnestness which led him to sacrifice much to what he believed to be the truth, has made him indifferent to the prizes of partisanship. In John Henry Newman all the Churches of Christendom feel that they have a part." This is strong language.

The report of the offer is confirmed by the Catholic press. Father Newman was asked, "in case the Holy See were to create him a cardinal *in petto*, if he would be willing to accept." His reply was that his great age—seventy-eight years—and his habits of life in the oratory at Birmingham, which he founded, would make the office of cardinal distasteful to him.

The "Chinese question" has broken out in Australia. The seamen on board the steamers of the Australian Steam Navigation Company first "struck" because Chinamen were employed on the company's ships. Meetings have been held in Adelaide, Queensland, Victoria, New South Wales—indeed, all over the colonies—in which the exclusion of the Chinese has been demanded. The expected arrival of a ship at Sydney with 300 Chinamen it was feared would occasion a riot. But for the Christian sentiment of the United States and the British colonies, the Chinese immigrants would fare badly.

While political animosities are so bitter in the South, it is pleasing to observe that Christian feeling is triumphing over sectionalism and race prejudice. Late in February Louisiana held its first State Sunday-school Convention. Among the Northern men present were Messrs. Peltz, of the *Sunday-school Times*, Ralph Wells, of New York, and E. Payson Porter and B. F. Jacobs, of Chicago. Dr. B. M. Palmer, of the Presbyterian Church, and Bishop Keener, of the Methodist Church South, participated actively in the proceedings. The Sunday-schools of the colored people were represented, and a colored delegate, the Rev. Mr. Newman, who is pastor of a Baptist church in New Orleans, was invited to address the Convention. Two colored pastors were placed on the Executive Committee of the State Association. The number of Sunday-school scholars in Louisiana was reported to be 70,000.

The effects of the definitive establishment of a well-ordered republican government in France begin to appear in every direction. The Baptists, for instance, assured of practical religious freedom there, have resolved on the establishment of a theological school in Paris. Hitherto the government has played into the hands of the Catholics, and all *new* Protestant movements have been hampered. Now freedom of Protestant action is fully conceded. The proposed school will be supported by the Baptists of England and the United States; the managers will be taken from these countries and from France.

Dr. [illegible] Kerr has made a remarkable statement [illegible] the Harveian Society of London in relation to deaths from intemperance. Having wholly doubted the assertion that 60,000 drunkards die annually in Great Britain, he began making investigations in order to demonstrate the contrary. "I had not long," he confessed, "pursued this line of inquiry before it was made clear to me that there was little if any exaggeration in these temperance statistics, and when asked to present the final results of my investigation to the last Social Science Congress, I was compelled to admit that at least 120,000 of our population annually lost their lives through alcoholic excess, 40,500 dying from their own intemperance, and 79,500 from accident, violence, poverty, or disease arising from the intemperance of others."

The Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, who is an authority upon Congregationalism, has recently declared, in the *Independent*, that the Congregational denomination needs (1) definite standards of polity and doctrine, (2) a power of excluding churches, and (3) a supreme judicatory. By its constitution the National Council of the Congregational Churches is forbidden to exercise legislative or judicial authority, or to act as a council of reference. Dr. Bacon's proposals imply, therefore, very radical changes.

Public opinion has so strongly condemned the scheme of a lottery to relieve Archbishop Purcell's estate that it is not now urged. Examination shows that the accounts of his brother were most carelessly kept; loose memorandum papers are the only records known of important transactions running through a series of years. Censure has so far touched the venerable archbishop gently, but these disclosures can not fail to becloud his closing days. A good intention to devote to Church purposes the money trusted to him can not of course excuse the wrong done to the poor of his flock: he will inevitably be condemned, and by none more severely than his own people. The honor of the Roman Catholic Church is so deeply involved that nothing short of comprehensive measures of restitution will save its good name.

The Pope has issued a pastoral letter in which he proclaims a Jubilee in commemoration of the completion of the first year of his reign. It will last three months, dating on or about the 20th of February, the anniversary of his election.

It now appears that the lost money of the Massachusetts Home Missionary Society was invested by the treasurer, Mr. Demond, in loans on land near Chicago. The property is known as "Rose Park," and is on the north branch of the Chicago River. Suit has been begun by the Home Missionary Society to recover from certain parties in that city.

Bishop Whipple still continues his appeals for justice to our Indians, and has an ever-growing audience. In his plea for the Cheyennes, recently published, he traces their history since 1849, and shows that they "were among the most friendly Indians of the plains." Those of the north who were removed to the Indian Territory were dissatisfied with the change, and fled toward their old home, but were captured before reaching it. To quote the bishop: "The telegraph says that these Cheyenne captives were deprived of food and fire for five days, in a Dakota January, to force them to consent to return to the Indian Territory; that when fire was offered to the women, they refused, and said, 'We will freeze to death together.' They escaped from prison and fled, were pursued, hunted down as wolves, and these Cheyenne men, women, and children welcomed death together." This is a terrible story, and yet the essential facts are well known. The horrors of our Indian policy are the more humiliating to us when we consider that our neighbors of Canada live in peace with the tribes scattered throughout the Dominion. More than all, our policy—if it can be so called—with the Indians costs millions of money.

THE GREAT WALKING MATCH.

No sporting event has caused so much excitement in New York for many years as the great walking match at Gilmore's Garden between four redoubtable contestants, one of whom held the belt as the "champion of the world." Unfortunately he was not in good condition, owing to faulty training, or want of training, and before the match was half over he was compelled by excessive weakness to withdraw from the arena. In this misfortune O'Leary had the sympathy of the public. He had won the belt by a famous victory in England, and every one in the community who takes any interest in such matters would have been glad to see him retain it. But in his condition he had not the least chance of winning, and should not have been allowed to go on the track.

Our illustration on page 244 shows all four of the contestants on the track—Rowell leading, Harriman second, and O'Leary and Ennis in the rear. From the commencement of the match at one o'clock Monday morning, March 10, Gilmore's Garden was crowded by an excited throng of spectators, and hundreds at times besieged the doors unable to obtain admission. The pluck and endurance displayed by the contestants aroused general admiration and applause, and although O'Leary's failure deprived the match of one of the chief elements of interest, there seemed to be no diminution of excitement. The walk, or rather trot, of Rowell, the English contestant, excited much comment. The ease and vigor with which he maintained his even, steady gait was surprising. Harriman and Ennis also showed a most wonderful power of holding out against fatigue, the former especially walking with a sturdy and determined steadiness that elicited hearty manifestations of admiration and approval.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the New York, Newfoundland, and London Telegraph Company was commemorated on March 10 at the residence of Cyrus W. Field, in Gramercy Park. The originators of this great enterprise were five in number—Cyrus W. Field, Peter Cooper, Moses Taylor, Marshall O. Roberts, and Chandler White—all of whom were present on this occasion with the exception of Mr. White, who died many years ago, and whose place was taken by Wilson G. Hunt. An extension had been erected in the rear of Mr. Field's spacious mansion, forming a commodious banqueting hall, which was beautifully draped with bunting and the American and English coats of arms. A thousand or more invitations had been sent out, and a great throng of distinguished guests—men representing the wealth, statesmanship, intellect, and enterprise of the nation—met and exchanged cordial greetings with their host and other friends. To mention even the most notable names would overflow our space. Mr. Field's address recalled the details of the inception of the Atlantic cable, and touched upon its success and the satisfaction he felt in the result. There were other speeches; and also letters and telegrams received from many distinguished persons were read. Among others, the following dispatches were read: from Mr. Graves, of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company's office:

"Valentia, Ireland, *March* 10.

"This anniversary witnesses duplex working across the Atlantic as an accomplished fact."

From Dean Stanley:

"Westminster Abbey, *March* 10.

"Blessings from Westminster Abbey on the silver wedding of England and America. 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.'"

This "silver wedding" anniversary was one of exceeding interest to all who were present.

The winner of the grand prize of the National Lottery, M. Aubriot, finds himself confronted with a powerful rival in the public mind. Extremes meet. Paris now demands who is the winner of the smallest prize. The least gift bestowed belongs to the second series, No. 723,406. It consists of a tiny paper box containing a pinch of rice powder, and is valued at *twenty-five centimes*. The same modesty is apparent in the possessor of the smallest lot which characterized M. Aubriot, only in excess, for the owner has failed to appear.

The sad history of the lady who purchased twelve hundred tickets in the lottery, and drew a box of sardines valued at twenty francs, conveys a moral against such public gambling which needs no other comment than to call attention to the price paid for each sardine in the present instance.

Paris has called herself the brain of the world. Certainly the boast can not be deemed an empty one from recent statements of her periodical publications. Paris devotes, in daily, weekly, and monthly form, 104 papers to jurisprudence, 23 to geography and history, 71 to religion, 153 to commerce, 139 to recreation, 90 to literature and philology, 18 to fine arts, 31 to instruction, 8 to architecture, 4 to photography, 15 to music, 17 to the stage, 70 to fashion, 29 to army and navy, 80 to medicine, 134 to industry, 48 to science, 38 to agriculture, 23 to sport. With such a list the sprightly Parisian intellect need not stagnate, and yet it has ever been a city ignorant of the world beyond its own limits. Foreign races must needs come to Paris, but Paris in turn felt no need of seeking a more intimate acquaintance with other lands. Hence certain phases of a Prussian invasion.

The Russian superstitious belief in precious stones is revived by the advent of the plague. Great ladies seek to avert the fearful malady by decking themselves with diamonds, emeralds, the magical sapphire, and turquois. The agate is in especial favor as a talisman. A Russian princess who resides at Paris wears no longer other ornaments than the agate, which may render the lustrous stone the fashion. If this faith in gems was universal, one might fancy Queen Victoria, the Empress Augusta, and even the royal house of Saxony rifling the Green Vault to cast down their crowns on the German frontier, in the hope that pestilence might not pass the boundary line of priceless jewels.

The sale of the Brinley Americana must long remain conspicuous not only because of its unprecedented importance, but because the catalogue of the collection will be regarded as an authoritative book of reference on Americana, being, perhaps, the best catalogue ever published in this country. For more than twenty-five years Mr. Brinley devoted unlimited time, money, and patience to this collection. The result is hundreds of the rarest productions. Among these, as examples, may be mentioned Drake's *Expeditio in Indias Occidentales*, Leyden, 1588—so rare that the sale of only one or two copies has been recorded during the last fifty years; Richard Eden's copy of Peter Martyr, the one which he used in translating the *Decades of the Newe Worlde*, printed in 1555, and containing many of his manuscript notes; Champlain's *Voyages*, the best edition, Paris, 1632; the *Bay Psalm-Book*, printed by Stephen Daye, Cambridge, 1640—the first book printed in the Anglo-American colonies; also a copy of the second edition, printed in 1647, which is probably unique; four copies of Eliot's Indian Bible; and a very complete collection of the writings of the Mather family.

Within the last ten years quite a number of cases of sudden illness and death in this city have been traced directly to the use of raw ham. This fact ought to prevent the eating of this article in an uncooked state.

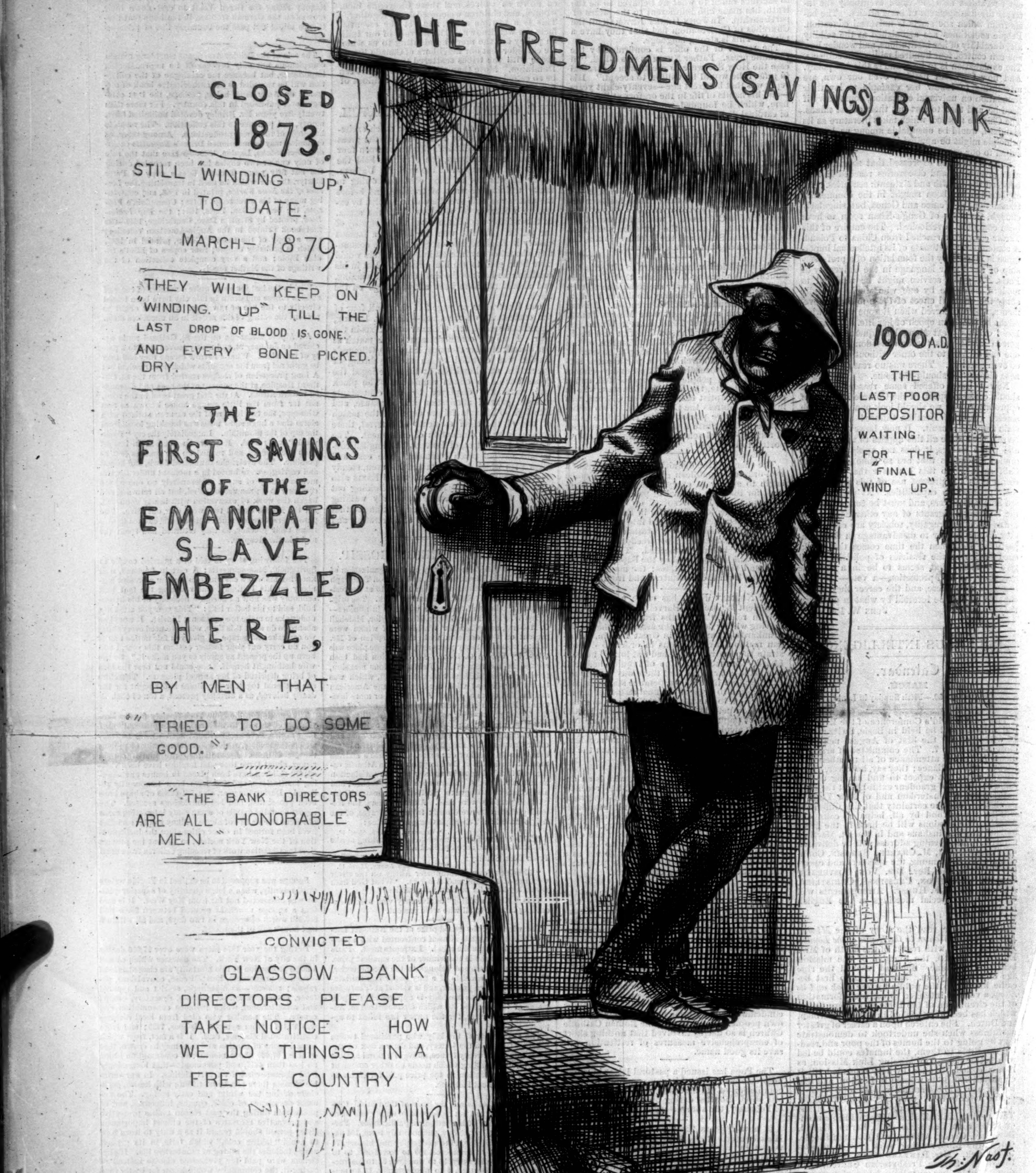
An Alpine avalanche on the St. Gothard route occurred on January 24, and nearly proved fatal to a party of travellers. What a narrow escape they had may be gathered from the accounts which have reached us: A long procession of sledges started from the St. Gothard Hospice, at the summit of the pass, and descended toward Airolo. At the first great bend in the road, not far from the little refuge house known as San Giuseppe, the two leaders of the caravan noticed with alarm that a huge snow mass was breaking loose from the top of the mountain. Immediately the cry "Backward!" was raised. Every one sprang in an instant from the sledges, and rushed up the road as fast as possible. The avalanche thundered down, and horses and carriages were buried in a moment under the tremendous heap of snow. Fortunately no one of the company lost presence of mind, but all returned and began the work of excavation with hearty good-will. All the horses except two were dug out alive. The passengers were too much fatigued and excited to continue their journey, so they returned and spent the night in the Hospice.

The following story is told of a married couple in Springfield, Massachusetts: A certain husband, well knowing his wife's custom to make him a present regularly on his birthday, and realizing the fact that economy was now an absolute necessity of his household, said to his better half: "This year you must not undertake to make me a present; I insist. It would be absurd to do so at this time, when we need every thing we can rake and scrape. I give you fair notice that if you do carry out your former custom this year, I will burn up the present as surely as you make it." So the wife bethought herself. She could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure. Therefore she gathered together her dimes and bought for her dearly beloved, as a birthday present, a ton of coal.

The agents for the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in the prosecution of their duties, have accomplished such a work as commends the society to the helpful sympathy of philanthropic citizens. According to the fourth annual report, about three thousand families have been visited, 619 children have been placed in homes or sheltering institutions, and 286 have been temporarily relieved. During the year, also, 351 cases of abuse have been prosecuted, and 304 convictions secured. The report contains details of some sadly interesting cases of rescue from a life of abuse. Many similar societies have been formed in other cities since the incorporation of the New York society, so that at the present time the Christian work of rescuing children from cruel treatment is rapidly extending.

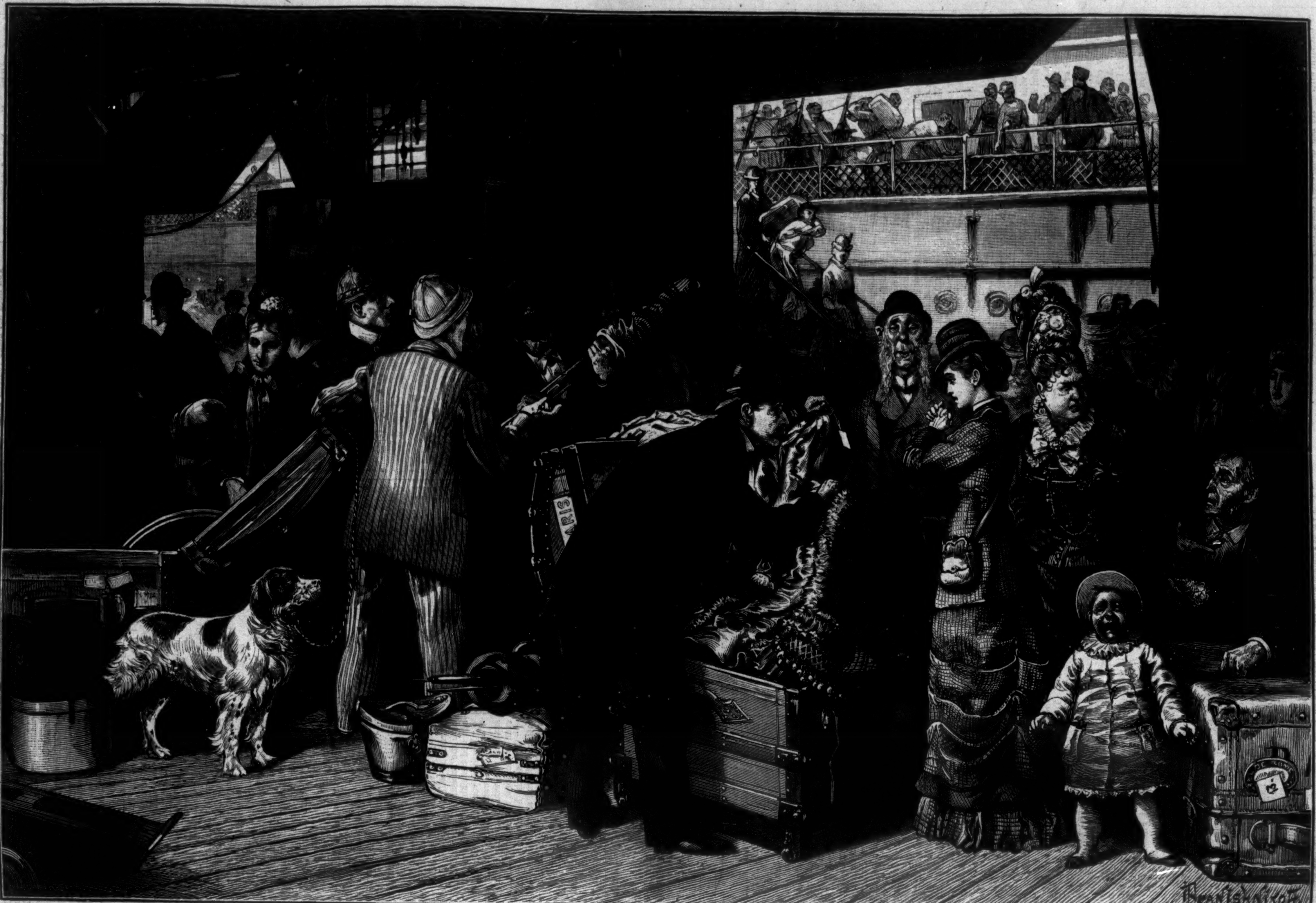
Sponge was supposed to be extinct in Florida waters until recently, when a large quantity of superior quality was discovered not far from Key West. It is said that a sponge merchant secured between $8000 and $10,000 worth of sponge in two days, and all within a half hour's sail of the wharf.

During the year 1878 there were over 27,000 deaths in the city of New York. The diseases which caused a large proportion of this mortality are classed as *local*—such as pneumonia, heart-disease, convulsions, paralysis; *zymotic*—as diphtheria, scarlet and typhoid fever, cholera infantum, measles, dysentery, croup; and *constitutional*, which includes consumption and cancer. The number who died from local diseases was 10,197; from zymotic diseases, 7635; and from constitutional diseases, 6422. It is a fact, from which some lessons of caution and care may be drawn, that of these 27,000 above mentioned, consumption killed no less than 4477, and pneumonia—that increasingly fatal disease—carried off 2271 victims. In our variable climate there can be no trifling with health, especially during the winter and early spring. The unusual prevalence of colds, coughs, influenzas, and of pneumonia during the past season makes protective and preventive measures of the utmost importance. Every person should regard it as a duty to learn how to avoid "taking cold," which term, in its general usage, includes the taking of numberless ills. If physicians were paid for *preventing* disease instead of curing it, the community would know far better than now how to take proper care of health. But until this is done, individuals must inform themselves upon essential points, and practice what they know. A few simple points are important for all to regard. Colds—and they are usually as common and as severe in March as in any other month of the year—may often result from insufficient clothing, but more frequently from experiencing sudden changes of temperature, as in going from a hot room into the cold, raw air; from standing or sitting in a draught; from wet feet; from getting chilled when in a perspiration; from putting on thinner garments, as for an evening party, or because one warm day has come. All thoughtful adults may to a great extent avoid such and similar exposures, and children should be carefully guarded by those who have the care of them. Thus may the records of mortality during the coming season be lessened.


THE FREEDMENS (SAVINGS) BANK
CLOSED 1873.
STILL "WINDING UP," TO DATE. MARCH.- 1879
THEY WILL KEEP ON "WINDING UP" TILL THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD IS GONE. AND EVERY BONE PICKED DRY.
THE FIRST SAVINGS OF THE EMANCIPATED SLAVE EMBEZZLED HERE,
BY MEN THAT "TRIED TO DO SOME GOOD."
"THE BANK DIRECTORS ARE ALL HONORABLE MEN."
1900 A.D.
THE LAST POOR DEPOSITOR WAITING FOR THE "FINAL WIND UP."
CONVICTED GLASGOW BANK DIRECTORS PLEASE TAKE NOTICE HOW WE DO THINGS IN A FREE COUNTRY
Th: Nast.

WAITING.

A DEBT THAT THE REPUBLICAN PARTY OUGHT TO WIPE OUT.


PARIS
Pranishnikoff

HOME FROM THE OLD WORLD—EXAMINATION OF BAGGAGE BY CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICERS ON A NEW YORK STEAM-SHIP WHARF.—Drawn by Ivan Pranishnikoff.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "AN OPEN VERDICT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"THAT MUST END AT ONCE."

A QUARTER of an hour later, when all the confusion was over, Violet was kneeling by her mother's chair, trying to restore tranquillity to Mrs. Carmichael's fluttered spirits. Mother and daughter were alone together in the elder lady's dressing-room, the disconsolate Pamela sitting like Niobe, amidst her scattered fineries, her pomade pots and powder boxes, fan cases and jewel caskets, and all the arsenal of waning beauty.

"Dear mother," pleaded Violet, with unusual gentleness, "pray don't give way to this unnecessary grief. You can not surely believe that I tried to set this dear old house on fire; that I could be so foolish—granting even that I were wicked enough to do it—as to destroy a place I love, the house in which my father was born! You can't believe such a thing, mother."

"I know that you are making my life miserable," sobbed Mrs. Carmichael, feebly dabbing her forehead with a flimsy Valenciennes-bordered handkerchief, steeped in eau-de-Cologne, "and I am sure Conrad would not tell a falsehood."

"Perhaps not," said Vixen, with a gloomy look. "We will take it for granted that he is perfection, and could not do wrong. But in this case he is mistaken. I felt quite capable of killing him, but not of setting fire to this house."

"Oh," wailed Pamela, distractedly, "this is too dreadful! To think that I should have a daughter who confesses herself at heart a murderess."

"Unhappily it is true, mother," said Vixen, moodily contrite. "For just that one moment of my life I felt a murderous impulse, and from the impulse to the execution is a very short step. I don't feel myself very superior to the people who are hanged at Newgate, I assure you."

"What is to become of me?" inquired Mrs. Carmichael, in abject lamentation. "It is too hard that my own daughter should be a source of misery in my married life, that she should harden her heart against the best of step-fathers, and should actually try to bring discord between me and the husband I love. I don't know what I have done that I should be so miserable."

"Dear mother, only be calm, and listen to me," urged Violet, who was very calm herself, with a coldly resolute air which presently obtained ascendency over her agitated parent. "If I have been the source of misery, that misery can not too soon come to an end. I have long felt that I have no place in this house—that I am one too many in our small family. I feel now—yes, mamma, I feel and know that the same roof can not cover me and Captain Carmichael. He and I can no longer sit at the same board or live in the same house. That must end at once."

"What complaint can you have to make against him, Violet?" cried her mother, hysterically, and with a good deal more dabbing of the perfumed handkerchief upon her fevered brow. "I am sure no father could be kinder than Conrad would be to you if you would only let him. But you have set yourself against him from the very first. It seems as if you grudged me my happiness."

"It shall seem so no longer, mamma. I will cease to be a thorn in your garland of roses," replied Vixen, with exceeding bitterness. "I will leave the Abbey House directly any other home can be found for me. If dear old M'Croke would take care of me, I should like to go abroad, somewhere very far, to some strange place, where all things would be different and new to me," continued Vixen, unconsciously betraying that aching desire for forgetfulness natural to a wounded heart. "Sweden or Norway, for instance. I think I should like to spend a year in one of those cold strange lands, with good old M'Croke for my companion. There would be nothing to remind me of the Forest," she concluded, with a stifled sob.

"My dear Violet, you have such wild ideas," exclaimed her mother, with an injured air. "It is just as Conrad says. You have no notion of the proprieties. Sweden or Norway, indeed! Was there ever any thing so outlandish? What would people say, I wonder?"

"Ah! what indeed, mamma. Perhaps they might for once say what is true—that I could not get on with Captain Carmichael, and so was forced to find another home."

"And what a reproach that would be to me!" cried her mother. "You are so selfish, Violet; you think of no one but yourself."

"Perhaps that is because nobody else thinks of me, mother."

"How can you say such abominable things, Violet? Am I not thinking of you this moment? I am sure I have thought of you this evening until my head aches. You force one to think about you when you behave in such a disgraceful manner."

"What have I done that is disgraceful, mamma? I have ridden out at an unusual hour to get a place for an old servant—a man who has served in this house faithfully for more than forty years. That is what I have done, and I should not be ashamed if it were known to every body in Hampshire. Yes, even to Lady Mabel Ashbourne, that pattern of chilly propriety. The disgrace is Captain Carmichael's. It is he who ought to be ashamed of turning off my father's and grandfather's old servant. What you have to be sorry for, mamma, is that you have married a man capable of such an action."

"How dare you speak against him!" cried the offended wife. "He has done every thing for the best. It was your own foolish conduct that obliged him to dismiss Bates. To think that a daughter of mine should have so little self-respect as to go roaming about the forest with an engaged man! It is too dreadful."

"You need not make yourself unhappy about the engaged man, mamma," said Vixen, scornfully. "He is out of danger. Rorie and I need never see each other again. I should be more than content that it should be so. Only arrange with Captain Carmichael for some allowance to be made me—just money enough to enable me to live abroad with dear old M'Croke. I want no gayeties, I want no fine dresses. The simplest mode of life, in a strange country, will suit me best."

"I can't bear the idea of your going away," whimpered Mrs. Carmichael. "People will talk so. A step-father's is such a delicate position. People are sure to say cruel things about Conrad. And it is all your fault, Violet. We might have lived so happily together if you had liked."

"We might, perhaps, mamma; but I don't think any of us knew the way. Captain Carmichael could hardly expect that to sell my father's favorite horse was the shortest way to my liking; and that's how he began his reign in this house. Don't let us talk any more, my dear mother. Words are useless to heal such wounds as ours. Good-night. Sleep well, and forget all about me. To-morrow you and the captain can give me my liberty."

"I thought you were so fond of the Abbey House," moaned her mother.

"So I was when it was home. It has ceased to be my home, and I shall be glad to leave it."

"Oh, Violet, you have a hard heart."

"Good-night, mamma."

She was gone, leaving Mrs. Carmichael feebly moaning, and vaguely dabbing her forehead, feeling that the Fates had not been kind to her. Life seemed to have gone all askew. It was as if Theodore had taken to sending home misfits. Nothing was smooth or pleasant in an existence whose halcyon calm had once been undisturbed by so much as a crumpled rose leaf.

Vixen went straight to her room, accompanied by Argus, who had followed her from the hall to the door of her mother's dressing-room, and had waited patiently for her in the corridor, with his head leaning against the closed door, as if he scented trouble within.

When girl and dog were alone together, Violet flung herself on the ground, threw her arms round the mastiff's thick neck, and let her tears flow freely against that faithful head.

"Oh, Argus," she cried, piteously, "you are the only friend left me in this wide world!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

GOING INTO EXILE.

AFTER a long sleepless night of tossing to and fro, Vixen rose with the first stir of life in the old house, and made herself ready to face the bleak hard world. Her meditations of the night had brought no new light to her mind. It was very clear to her that she must go away—as far as possible—from her old home. Her banishment was necessary for every body's sake. For the sake of Rorie, who must behave like a man of honor, and keep his engagement with Lady Mabel, and shut his old playfellow out of his heart; for the sake of Mrs. Carmichael, who could never be happy while there was discord in her home; and last of all for Violet herself, who felt that joy and peace had fled from the Abbey House forever, and that it would be better to be any where, in the coldest, strangest region of this wide earth, verily friendless and alone among strange faces, than here among friends who were but friends in name, and among scenes that were haunted with the ghosts of dead joys.

She went round the gardens and shrubberies in the early morning, looking sadly at every thing, as if she were bidding the trees and flowers a long farewell. The rhododendron thickets were shining with dew, the grassy tracks in that wilderness of verdure were wet and cold under Vixen's feet. She wandered in and out among the groups of wild growing shrubs, rising one above another to the height of forest trees, and then she went out by the old five-barred gate which Titmouse used to jump so merrily, and rambled in the plantation till the sun was high, and the pines began to breathe forth their incense as the day-god warmed them into life.

It was half past eight. Nine was the hour for breakfast—a meal at which, during the squire's time, the fragile Pamela had rarely appeared, but which, under the present *régime*, she generally graced with her presence. Captain Carmichael was an early riser, and was not sparing in his contempt for sluggish habits.

Vixen had made up her mind never again to sit at meat with her step-father; so she went straight to her own den, and told Phœbe to bring her a cup of tea.

"I don't want any thing else," she said, wearily, when the girl suggested a more substantial breakfast. "I should like to see mamma presently. Do you know if she has gone down?"

"No, miss. Mrs. Carmichael is not very well this morning. Pauline has taken her up a cup of tea."

Vixen sat idly by the open window, sipping her tea, and caressing Argus's big head with a listless hand, waiting for the next stroke of fate. She was sorry for her mother, but had no wish to see her. What could they say to each other—they whose thoughts and feelings were so wide apart? Presently Phœbe came in with a little three-cornered note written in pencil.

"Pauline asked me to give you this from your ma, miss."

The note was brief, written in short gasps, with dashes between them:

"I feel too crushed and ill to see you—I have told Conrad what you wish—he is all goodness—he will tell you what we have decided—try to be worthier of his kindness—poor misguided child—he will see you in his study, directly after breakfast—pray control your unhappy temper."

"His study, indeed!" ejaculated Vixen, tearing up the little note and scattering its perfumed fragments on the breeze; "my father's room, which he has usurped. I think I hate him just a little worse in that room than any where else—though that would seem hardly possible, when I hate him so cordially every where."

She went to her looking-glass, and surveyed herself proudly as she smoothed her shining hair, resolved that he should see no indication of trouble or contrition in her face. She was very pale, but her tears of last night had left no traces. There was a steadiness in her look that befitted an encounter with an enemy. A message came from the captain while she was standing before her glass tying a crimson ribbon under the collar of her white morning dress.

Would she please to go to Captain Carmichael in the study? She went without an instant's delay, walked quietly into the room, and stood before him silently as he sat at his desk writing.

"Good-morning, Miss Tempest," he said, looking up at her with his blandest air. "Sit down, if you please. I want to have a chat with you."

Vixen seated herself in her father's large crimson morocco chair. She was looking round the room absently, dreamily, quite disregarding the captain. The dear old room was full of sadly sweet associations. For the moment she forgot the existence of her foe. His cold, level tones recalled her thoughts from the lamented past to the bitter present.

"Your mother informs me that you wish to leave the Abbey House," he began, "and she has empowered me to arrange a suitable home for you elsewhere. I entirely concur in your opinion that your absence from Hampshire for the next year or so will be advantageous to yourself and others. You and Mr. Vawdrey have contrived to get yourselves unpleasantly talked about in the neighborhood. Any further scandal may possibly be prevented by your departure."

"It is not on that account I wish to leave home," said Vixen, proudly. "I am not afraid of scandal. If the people hereabouts are so wicked that they can not see me riding by the side of an old friend for two or three days running without thinking evil of him and me, I am sorry for them, but I certainly should not regulate my life to please them. The reason I wish to leave the Abbey House is that I am miserable here, and have been ever since you entered it as its master. We may as well deal frankly with each other in this matter. You confessed last night that you hated me. I acknowledge to-day that I have hated you ever since I first saw you. It was an instinct."

"We need not discuss that," answered the captain, calmly. He had let passion master him last night, but he had himself well in hand to-day. She might be as provoking as she pleased, but she should not provoke him to betray himself as he had done last night. He detested himself for that weak outbreak of passion.

"Have you arranged with my mother for my leaving home?" inquired Vixen.

"Yes, it is all settled."

"Then I'll write at once to Miss M'Croke. I know she will leave the people she is with to travel with me."

"Miss M'Croke has nothing to do with the question. Your roaming about the world with a superannuated governess would be too preposterous. I am going to take you to Jersey by this evening's boat. I have an aunt living there who has a fine old manor-house, and who will be happy to take charge of you. She is a maiden lady, a woman of superior cultivation, who devotes herself wholly to intellectual pursuits. Her refining influence will be valuable to you. The island is lovely, the climate delicious. You could not be better off than you will be at Les Tourelles."

"I am not going to Jersey, and I am not going to your intellectual aunt," said Vixen, resolutely.

"I beg your pardon, you are going, and immediately. Your mother and I have settled the matter between us. You have expressed a wish to leave home, and you will be pleased to go where we think proper. You had better tell Phœbe to pack your trunks. We shall leave here at ten o'clock in the evening. The boat starts from Southampton at midnight."

Vixen felt herself conquered. She had stated her wish, and it was granted; not in the mode and manner she had desired, but perhaps she ought to be grateful for release from a home that had become loathsome to her, and not take objection to details in the scheme of her exile. To go away, quite away, and immediately, was the grand point. To fly before she saw Rorie again.

"Heaven knows how weak I might be if he were to talk to me again as he talked last night!" she said to herself. "I might not be able to bear it a second time. Oh, Rorie, if you knew what it cost me to counsel you wisely, to bid you do your duty, when the vision of a happy life with you was smiling at me all the time, when the warm grasp of your dear hand made my heart thrill with joy, what a heroine you would think me! And yet nobody will ever give me credit for heroism; and I shall be remembered only as a self-willed young woman, who was troublesome to her relations, and had to be sent away from home."

She was thinking this while she sat in her father's chair, deliberating upon the captain's last speech. She decided presently to yield, and obey her mother and step-father. After all, what did it matter where she went? That scheme of being happy in Sweden with Miss M'Croke was but an idle fancy. In the depths of her inner consciousness Violet Tempest knew that she could be happy nowhere away from Rorie and the Forest. What did it matter, then, whether she went to Jersey or Kamtchatka, the sandy desert of Gobi or the Mountains of the Moon? In either case exile meant moral death, the complete renunciation of all that had been sweet and precious in her uneventful young life—the shadowy beech groves; the wandering streams; the heathery upland plains; the deep ferny hollows, where the footsteps of humanity were almost unknown; the cluster of tall trees on the hill-tops, where the herons came sailing home from their flight across Southampton Water; her childhood's companion; her horse; her old servants. Banishment meant a long farewell to all these.

"I suppose I may take my dog with me?" she asked, after a long pause, during which she had wavered between submission and revolt, "and my maid?"

"I see no objection to your taking your dog, though I doubt whether my aunt will care to have a dog of that size prowling about her house. He can have a kennel somewhere, I dare say. You must learn to do without a maid. Feminine helplessness is going out of fashion, and one would expect an Amazon like you to be independent of lady's-maids and milliners."

"Why don't you state the case in plain English?" cried Vixen, scornfully. "If I took Phœbe with me, she would cost money. There would be her wages and maintenance to be provided. If I leave her behind, you can dismiss her. You have a fancy for dismissing old servants."

"Had you not better see to the packing of your trunks?" asked Captain Carmichael, ignoring this shaft.

"What is to become of my horse?"

"I think you must resign yourself to leave him to fate and me," replied the captain, coolly. "My aunt may submit to the infliction of your dog; but that she should tolerate a young lady's roaming about the island on a thorough-bred horse would be rather too much to expect from her old-fashioned notions of propriety."

"Besides, even Arion would cost something to keep," retorted Vixen, "and strict economy is the rule of your life. If you sell him—and, of course, you will do so—please let Lord Mallow have the refusal of him. I think he would buy him and treat him kindly for my sake."

"Wouldn't you rather Mr. Vawdrey had him?"

"Yes, if I were free to give him away; but I suppose you would deny my right of property even in the horse my father gave me."

"Well, as the horse was not specified in your father's will, and as all his horses and carriages were left to your mother, I think there can not be any doubt that Arion is my wife's property."

"Why not say your property? Why give unnatural prominence to a cipher? Do you think I hold my poor mother to blame for any wrong that is done to me or to others in this house? No, Captain Carmichael, I have no resentment against my mother. She is a blameless nullity, dressed in the latest fashion."

"Go and pack your boxes!" cried the captain, angrily. "Do you want to raise the devil that was raised last night? Do you want another conflagration? It might be a worse one this time. I have had a night of fever and unrest."

"Am I to blame for that?"

"Yes, you beautiful fury. It was your image kept me awake. I shall sleep sounder when you are out of this house."

"I shall be ready to start at ten o'clock," said Vixen, in a business-like tone which curiously contrasted this sudden gust of passion on the part of her foe, and humiliated him to the dust. He loathed himself for having let her see her power to hurt him.

She left him, and went straight up stairs to her room, and gave Phœbe directions about the packing of her portmanteaus, with no more outward semblance of emotion than she might have shown had she been starting on a round of pleasant visits under the happiest circumstances. The faithful Phœbe began to cry when she heard that Miss Tempest was going away for a long time, and that she was not to go with her; and poor Vixen had to console her maid instead of brooding upon her own griefs.

"Never mind, Phœbe," she said; "it is as hard for me to lose you as it is for you to lose me. I shall never forget what a devoted little thing you have been, and all the muddy habits you have brushed without a murmur. A few years hence I shall be my own mistress, and have plenty of money, and then, wherever I may be, you shall come to me. If you are married, you shall be my housekeeper, and your husband shall be my butler, and your children shall run wild about the place, and be made as much of as the litter of young foxes Bates reared in a corner of the stable-yard when Mr. Vawdrey was at Eton."

"Oh, miss, I don't want no husband nor no children; I only want you for my missus. And when you come of age, will you live here, miss?"

"No, Phœbe. The Abbey House will belong to mamma all her life. Poor mamma! may it be long before the dear old house comes to me! But when I am of age, and my own mistress, I shall find a place somewhere in the Forest; you may be sure of that, Phœbe."

Phœbe dried her honest tears, and made haste with the packing, believing that Miss Tempest was leaving home for her own pleasure, and that she, Phœbe, was the only victim of adverse fate.

The day wore on quickly, though it was laden with sorrow. Vixen had a great deal to do in her den: papers to look over, old letters, pen-and-ink sketches, and scribblings of all kinds to destroy, books and photographs to pack. There were certain things she could not leave behind her. Then there was a melancholy hour to spend in the stable, feeding, caressing, and weeping over Arion, who snorted his tenderest snorts, and licked her hands with abject devotion—almost as if he knew they were going to part, Vixen thought.

Last of all came the parting with her mother. Vixen had postponed this, with an aching dread of a scene, in which she might perchance lose her temper, and be betrayed into bitter utterances that she would afterward repent with useless tears. She had spoken the truth to her step-father when she told him that she held her mother blameless; yet the fact that she had but the smallest share in that mother's heart was cruelly patent to her.

It was nearly four o'clock in the afternoon when Pauline came to Violet's room with a message from Mrs. Carmichael. She had been very ill all the morning, Pauline informed Miss Tempest, suffering severely from nervous headache, and obliged to lie in a darkened room. Even now she was barely equal to seeing any one.

"Then she had better not see me," said Vixen, icily; "I can write her a little note to say good-by. Perhaps it would be just as well. Tell mamma that I will write, Pauline."

Pauline departed with this message, and returned in five minutes with a distressed visage.

"Oh, miss!" she exclaimed, "your message quite upset your poor mamma. She said, 'How could she?' and began to get almost hysterical. And those hysterical fits end in such fearful headaches."

"I will come at once," said Vixen.

Mrs. Carmichael was lying on a sofa near an open window, the Spanish blinds lowered to exclude the afternoon sunshine, the perfume of the gardens floating in upon the soft summer air. A tiny tea-pot and cup and saucer on a Japanese tray showed that the invalid had been luxuriating in her favorite stimulant. There were vases of flowers about the room, and an all-pervading perfume and coolness—a charm half sensuous, half æsthetic.

"Violet, how could you send me such a message?" remonstrated the invalid, fretfully.

"Dear mamma, I did not want to trouble you. I know how you shrink from all painful things; and you and I could hardly part without pain, as we are parting to-day. Would it not have been better to avoid any farewell?"

"If you had any natural affection you would never have suggested such a thing."

"Then, perhaps, I have never had any natural affection," answered Vixen, with subdued bitterness; "or only so small a stock that it ran out early in my life, and left me cold and hard and unloving. I am sorry we are parting like this, mamma. I am still more sorry that you could not spare me a little of the regard which you have bestowed so lavishly upon a stranger."

"Violet, how can you?" sobbed her mother. "To accuse me of withholding my affection from you, when I have taken such pains with you from your very cradle! I am sure your frocks, from the day you were short-coated, were my constant care; and when you grew a big, lanky girl, who would have looked odious in commonplace clothes, it was my delight to invent picturesque and becoming costumes for you. I have spent hours poring over books of prints, studying Vandyck and Sir Peter Lely, and I have let you wear some of my most valuable lace; and as for indulgence of your whims! Pray when have I ever thwarted you in any thing?"

"Forgive me, mamma!" cried Vixen, penitently. She divined dimly—even in the midst of that flood of bitter feeling in which her young soul was overwhelmed—that Mrs. Carmichael had been a good mother, according to her lights. The tree had borne such fruit as was natural to its kind. "Pray forgive me. You have been good and kind and indulgent, and we should have gone on happily together to the end of the chapter, if fate had been kinder."

"It's no use your talking of fate in that way, Violet," retorted her mother, captiously. "I know you mean Conrad."

"Perhaps I do, mamma; but don't let us talk of him any more. We should never agree about him. You and he can be quite happy when I am gone. Poor, dear, trusting, innocent-minded mamma!" cried Vixen, kneeling by her mother's chair, and putting her arms round her ever so tenderly. "May your path of life be smooth and strewn with flowers when I am gone! If Captain Carmichael does not always treat you kindly, he will be a greater scoundrel than I think him. But he has always been kind to you, has he not, mamma? You are not hiding any sorrow of yours from me?" asked Vixen, fixing her great brown eyes on her mother's face with earnest inquiry. She had assumed the maternal part. She seemed an anxious mother questioning her daughter.

"Kind to me!" echoed Mrs. Carmichael. "He has been all goodness. We have never had a difference of opinion since we were married."

"No, mamma, because you always defer to his opinion."

"Is not that my duty, when I know how clever and far-seeing he is?"

"Frankly, dear mother, are you as happy with this new husband of yours—so wise and far-seeing, and determined to have his own way in every thing—as you were with my dear, indulgent, easy-tempered father?"

Pamela Carmichael burst into a passion of tears.

"How can you be so cruel?" she exclaimed. "Who can give back the past, or the freshness and brightness of one's youth? Of course I was happier with your dear father than I can ever be again. It is not in nature that it should be otherwise. How could you be so heartless as to ask me such a question?"

She dried her tears slowly, and was not easily comforted. It seemed as if that speech of Violet's had touched a spring that opened a fountain of grief.

"This means that mamma is not happy with her second husband, in spite of her praises of him," thought Vixen.

She remained kneeling by her mother's side, comforting her as best she could, until Mrs. Carmichael had recovered from the wound her daughter's heedless words had inflicted, and then Violet began to say good-by.

"You will write to me sometimes, won't you, mamma, and tell me how the dear old place is going on, and about the old people who die—dear familiar white heads that I shall never see again—and the young people who get married, and the babies that are born? You will write often, won't you, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, as often as my strength will allow."

"You might even get Pauline to write to me sometimes, to tell me how you are and what you are doing; that would be better than nothing."

"Pauline shall write when I am not equal to holding a pen," sighed Mrs. Carmichael.

"And, dear mamma, if you can prevent it, don't let any more of the old servants be sent away. If they drop off one by one, home will seem like a strange place at last. Remember how they loved my dear father, how attached and faithful they have been to us. They are like our own flesh and blood."

"I should never willingly part with servants who know my ways, Violet. But as to Bates's dismissal—there are some things I had rather not discuss with you—I am sure that Conrad acted for the best, and from the highest motives."

"Do you know any thing about this place to which I am going, mamma?" asked Vixen, letting her mother's last speech pass without comment, "or the lady who is to be my duenna?"

"Your future has been fully discussed between Conrad and me, Violet. He tells me that the old Jersey manor-house—Les Tourelles, it is called—is a delightful place, one of the oldest seats in Jersey, and Miss Skipwith, to whom it belongs, is a well-informed, conscientious old lady, very religious, I believe, so you will have to guard against your sad habit of speaking lightly about sacred things, my dear Violet."

"Do you intend me to live there forever, mamma?"

"Forever! What a foolish question! In six years you will be of age, and your own mistress."

"Six years—six years in a Jersey manor-house with a pious old lady! Don't you think that would seem very much like forever, mamma?" asked Vixen, gravely.

"My dear Violet, neither Conrad nor I want to banish you from your natural home. We only want you to learn wisdom. When Mr. Vawdrey is married, and when you have learned to think more kindly of my dear husband—"

"That last change will never happen to me, mamma. I should have to die and be born again first, and even then I think my dislike of Captain Carmichael is so strong that purgatorial fires would hardly burn it out. No, mamma, we had better say good-by without any forecast of the future. Let us forget all that is sad in our parting, and think we are only going to part for a little while."

Many a time in after-days did Violet Tempest remember those last serious words of hers. The rest of her conversation with her mother was about trifles—the trunks and bonnet boxes she was to carry with her, the dresses she was to wear in her exile.

"Of course in a retired old house in Jersey, with an elderly maiden lady, you will not see much society," said Mrs. Carmichael; "but Miss Skipwith must know people—no doubt the best people in the island—and I should not like you to be shabby. Are you really positive that you have dresses enough to carry you over next winter?"

This last question was asked with deepest solemnity.

"More than enough, mamma."

"And do you think your last winter's jacket will do?"

"Excellently."

"I'm very glad of that," said her mother, with a sigh of relief; "for I have an awful bill of Theodore's hanging over my head. I have been paying her sums on account ever since your poor papa's death; and you know that is never quite satisfactory. All that one has paid hardly seems to make any difference in the amount due at the end."

"Don't worry yourself about your bill, mamma. Let it stand over till I come of age, and then I can help you to pay it."

"You are very generous, dear, but Theodore would not wait so long even for me. Be sure you take plenty of wraps for the steamer. Summer nights are often chilly."

Vixen thought of last night, and the long straight ride through the pine wood, the soft scented air, the young moon shining down at her, and Rorie by her side. Ah! when should she ever know such a summer night as that again?

"Sit down in this low chair by me and have a cup of tea, dear," said Mrs. Carmichael, growing more affectionate as the hour of parting drew nearer. "Let us have kettle-drum together for the last time, till you come back to us."

"For the last time, mamma!" echoed Violet, sadly.

She could not imagine any possible phase of circumstances that would favor her return. Could she come back to see Roderick Vawdrey happy with his wife? Assuredly not. Could she school herself to endure life under the roof that sheltered Conrad Carmichael? A thousand times no. Coming home was something to be dreamed about when she lay asleep in a distant land, but it was a dream that never could be realized. She must make herself a new life somehow among new people. The old life died to-day.

She sat and sipped her tea, and listened while her mother talked cheerfully of the future, and even pretended to agree, but her heart was heavy as lead.

An hour was dawdled away thus, and then, when Mrs. Carmichael began to think about dressing for dinner, Vixen went off to finish her packing. She excused herself from going down to dinner on the plea of having so much to do.

"You could send me up something, please, mamma," she said. "I am sure you and Captain Carmichael will dine more pleasantly without me. I shall see you for a minute in the hall before I start."

"You must do as you please, dear," replied her mother. "I hardly feel equal to going down to dinner myself; but it would not be fair to let Conrad eat a second meal in solitude, especially when we are to be parted for two or three days, and he is going across the sea. I shall not have a minute's rest to-night thinking of you both."

"Sleep happily, dear mother, and leave us to Providence. The voyage can not be perilous in such weather as this," said Vixen, with assumed cheerfulness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An invention which promises to rival, if it does not surpass in its practical application, the telephone, is just announced in the London journals as made by Mr. E. A. Cowper. This consists of a real telegraphic writing machine, by which every record of a pen in the hands of an operator at one end of the line is reproduced in fac-simile at the other, precisely as if held by a phantom hand. A recent number of *Nature* gives a fac-simile of the writing.

Colonel Prjvalsky's researches into the natural history of Central Asia have been so interesting and important, especially his discovery of wild camels, that he is now starting on another expedition to the same region. He proceeds by way of the Chinese frontier to Lassa; thence he intends to reach the Himalaya by the Brahmapootra. In returning he will visit Khotan, Kashgar, and Russian Khokan.

News has been received *viâ* Zanzibar that the members of the German scientific expedition in Central Africa had been obliged to return in consequence of ill health.

Some years ago the appointment of a board of experts, for the most part officers of the army and navy, was authorized by act of Congress for the purpose of taking into consideration questions connected with the strength of chain cables, and the subject of reheating and reforming iron, etc. Appropriations were made for several years for the purpose. Many points of this inquiry depended upon the construction of a machine for testing the strength of iron and steel, of superior efficiency to any heretofore employed by the government. Many sessions of this board were held from time to time, and a great deal of valuable information obtained, although the lapse of the commission, for want of further appropriation, just about the time when the testing machine was completed, interrupted the further prosecution of the work. A report of the work actually accomplished has just been published by Congress, and will doubtless be sought after by engineers and others occupied in the preparation and employment of iron for industrial purposes.

A valuable contribution to the marine zoology of the coast of the United States is furnished by a paper by Professor H. E. Webster upon the chætopod annalids of the Virginia coast. This contains the result of several years' observation on the coast of Virginia by Professor Webster, adding many new species to our hitherto published lists.

An exploration of Madagascar is about starting, in charge of Mr. J. M. Hildebrandt, under the patronage of the Berlin Academy of Sciences. The botany, zoology, and topography of the island will be specially attended to. The report that Dr. Rutenberg, a young Bremen traveller in Madagascar, had been murdered there, is found to be incorrect.

A meeting was held by the Paris Geographical Society on the 14th of February in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the death of Captain Cook. On this occasion biographical notices were given of Captain Cook, and a general statement of the ethnographical results of his voyages and of the present condition of the countries discovered by him. Some comment has been excited at the fact that this commemoration of an English voyager has been left to a foreign society.

The death of Professor Yarnell, a much esteemed member of the scientific corps of the United States Naval Observatory, took place in Washington on the 27th of February, at the age of sixty-two. The annual volumes of the Observatory contain a great many important memoirs by Professor Yarnell, and he had just completed another at the time of his death.

It is stated that the inhabitants on the Amazon have become very much excited at the continued and rapid decrease of the volume of water in that river. It is said that this has proceeded to such an extent that navigation above Manaos has become impossible. No cause is assigned for the phenomenon, and its investigation is urged both as a matter of scientific and industrial importance.

Professor Chamberlain publishes the annual report of the Wisconsin Geological Survey for the year 1878. This document, as being simply a continuation of a very elaborate report heretofore published, is not of very great extent, but contains much valuable practical and scientific information, especially in regard to the mining region of Wisconsin.

Mr. F. V. Russof, curator of the Zoological Museum of the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Russia, died on the 18th of January. Mr. Russof has been especially engaged in the zoological investigations in Turkestan, and had obtained a very large amount of material and much valuable information.

The third biennial report of the Commissioners of Fisheries, of Michigan, for 1877 and 1878, is full of interesting information in regard to a successful effort on the part of the Commissioners in restocking many rivers and lakes of that State with useful food fishes. The scale of operations is not exceeded by that of any other State in the Union, and the results are making a very satisfactory showing. As in previous years, the white-fish has been the subject of special attention as a species most closely connected with the fishery interest of Michigan. Over 12,000,000 young fish were deposited in the inland and great lakes and in the Detroit River. The other species receiving the attention of the Commissioners were the landlocked salmon and the California salmon and salmon-trout.

Mr. George Winthers, an eminent Danish ichthyologist, died on the 11th of January in the hospital of Nice, to which place he had gone for relief, from the zoological station at Naples. Mr. Winthers is best known as a naturalist by his many works on zoology, especially those upon the statistics and history of the species of Scandinavia. At the time of his death he had nearly completed an elaborate work on this subject. He was in attendance during the past winter at Dr. Dohrn's station at Naples, but succumbed to an attack of consumption in the thirty-fourth year of his age.

The island of New Guinea, for a long time the least known portion of the globe, is rapidly becoming better understood, much of the recent information being due to the labors of missionaries. Rev. James Chalmers has recently completed a tour of over one hundred villages on the southeast coast of the main-land, most of them visited for the first time by a white man. According to Mr. Chalmers, throughout this region the natives boil the heads of their slain enemies so as to obtain clean skulls to adorn the places where they worship their deceased ancestors.

Among recent deaths noted in London *Nature* are those of Dr. Henry Geissler, the celebrated inventor of the Geissler tubes, mercury pump, etc., who died on the 25th of January; Dr. Edward Lösche, Professor of Physics, in Dresden, who died January 25; and Dr. Benedikt Stilling, an eminent anatomist, on the 28th of January, at the age of sixty-nine. Dr. Steinheil, the eminent optician, of Munich, is also deceased.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Up in the loft the old man kept a keg of the very best. The carpenter, who was working on the first floor, was found in the loft, and tried to fool the old gent by saying that he had just come up to measure a rafter. The old un simply winked as he said, "I think you're after my measure."

Philadelphia *Chronicle:* An impossible feat for a female pedestrian is to walk a thousand miles in a thousand hours past a thousand millinery stores displaying the latest styles of spring bonnets.

Dumas, Dickens, and Thackeray had a special talent for the mixing of salads. They were, of course, men of lettuce.

It is a great shock to a man's nervous system to have a suspender button fly off just when he is making a profound bow to a lady on the street.

"What constitutes the chief happiness of your life?" asked a serious Sunday-school teacher. She blushed, and then replied: "It is that John has at last fixed the day."

Copper money is coined for exclusively religious purposes. It enables a man to feel he has contributed to the spread of the Gospel without drawing too largely on his income.

A Simple Beauty.—A lovely young lady, at the time when belles in Glasgow were scarcer than they are now, was talking with a gentleman from a distance about that city and its gayeties. The conversation turned upon balls and the attendance at them, when the gentleman laughingly asked the question: "Have you many beauties in Glasgow, Miss ——?" On which the young lady naïvely replied, "Oh yes, Sir; there are five of us!"

An old bachelor says he's been so often deceived by the chicken of these restaurants and boarding-houses that he calls it "the mocking bird."

"Have you the song, 'Saccharine Futurity?'" asked a girl of the music clerk. "We have," he answered, as with a pleasant smile he rolled up a copy of "The Sweet By-and-By."

Tongue can not tell nor words express the astonishment of the crippled soldier in Connecticut who awoke to find his wife using his wooden leg to pound the beefsteak for breakfast.

AN OLD RHYME REWRITTEN.

The king came up from Wall Street—
He'd been making honey;
The queen was down at Stewart's,
Spending time and money.
In came little Princess Meg,
Kissed him fondly, meekly,
Brought his slippers and cigar,
And his *Harper's Weekly*.
"Sing a song of sixpence, love,
You are sweet as honey;
What is it my darling wants?"
And she whispered, "*Money*."

"Are you engaged?" said a gentleman to a young lady from Marysville at the ball the other evening. "I was, but if that Pete Johnson thinks I'm going to sit here and see him squeeze that freckle-faced Wilkins girl's hand all the evening, he'll be mistaken, solitaire or no solitaire."

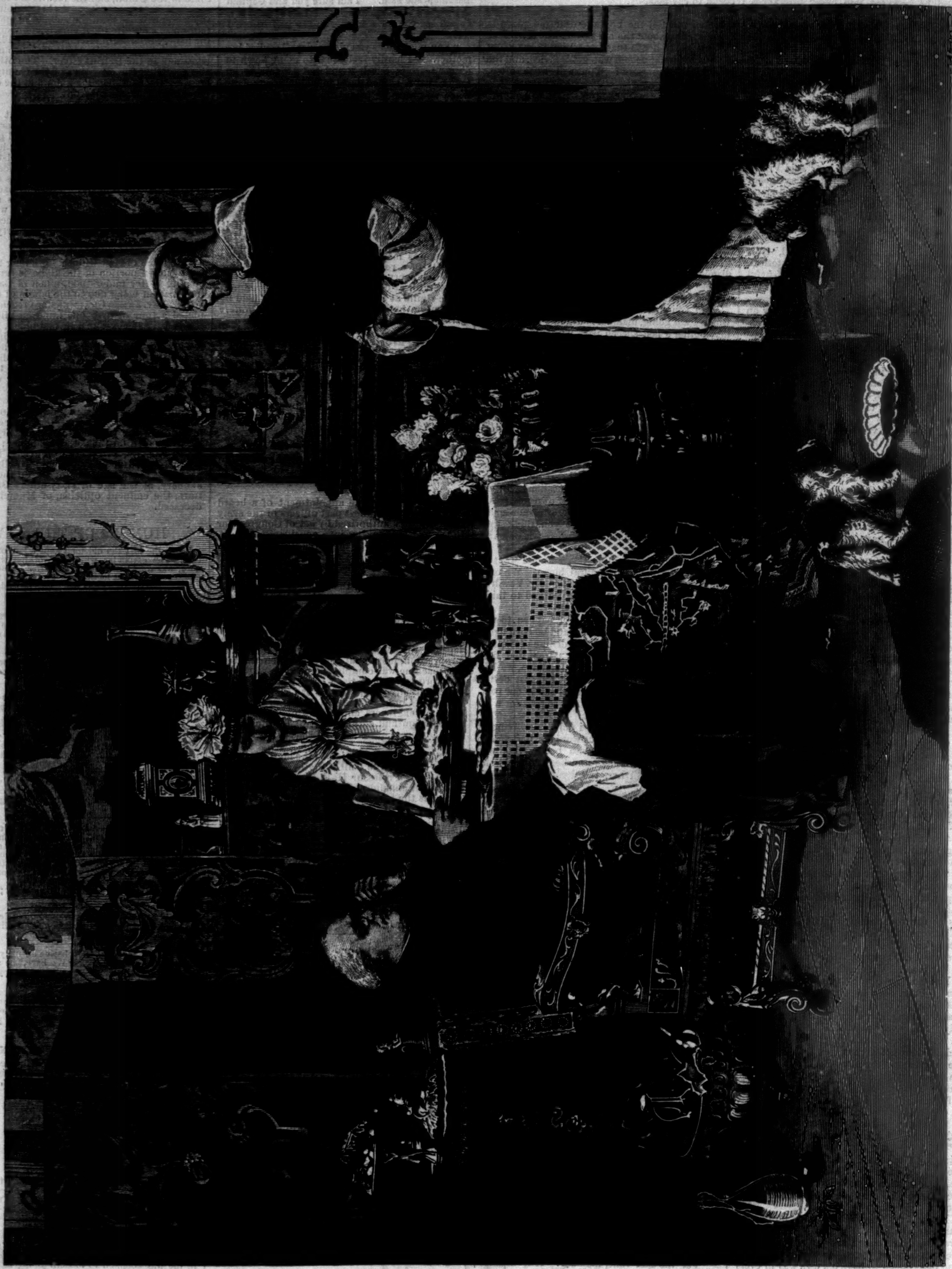
The hair of a mummy examined by Mr. Frank Buckland, the English naturalist, was found to be "banged" in the way common to modern young ladies. Then they want to tell us the girls of the present day are more frivolous than their ancestors!

"Can a clergyman marry himself?" asks an exchange. We suppose he can, but we are afraid he would not be a happy couple.

A country clergyman was a good deal astonished one day by the jollity of the mourners at the "breakfast" of a funeral, and was gravely told, in explanation, "Bless you, Sir, they're not laughing—only dissembling their grief."

Coming back from a little trip to Havre, a Parisian thus bewailed his misfortune to a railway companion: "One thing is certain, you won't catch me on any more of these excursions. I have lost my wife and my cane." And then he added, with tears in his eyes, "And it was a new cane, too!"

The women of Massachusetts are competent to take a philosophic view of the most perplexing problems. When one of them was informed that there were more women than men in the State, she at once replied that the fact was in accordance with the scientific doctrine of the "survival of the fittest."



"THE VOW OF POVERTY."—From the Painting by C. Karger.

"THE VOW OF POVERTY."

Theory and practice have rarely been presented in sharper contrast than in this picture. The luxurious apartment, the well-spread table, the comfortable ecclesiastic in his easy-chair, all tell of a very worldly enjoyment of what are called the "good things of this life." Taste and refinement are evident in all the surroundings. The young brother who has entered with a message for his ecclesiastical superior has, perhaps, recently taken the vow of poverty, and as he looks around the elegant room, with a sly glance at the neat service-maid, he doubtless thinks it would not be oppressive if kept in this way. Very different from the ideal regimen of the cloister,

> "A cruse of water and an ear of corn,"

is the repast spread out before the eyes of the scantily fed brother, who would not be displeased to receive an invitation to sit down to the table.

VULTURES.

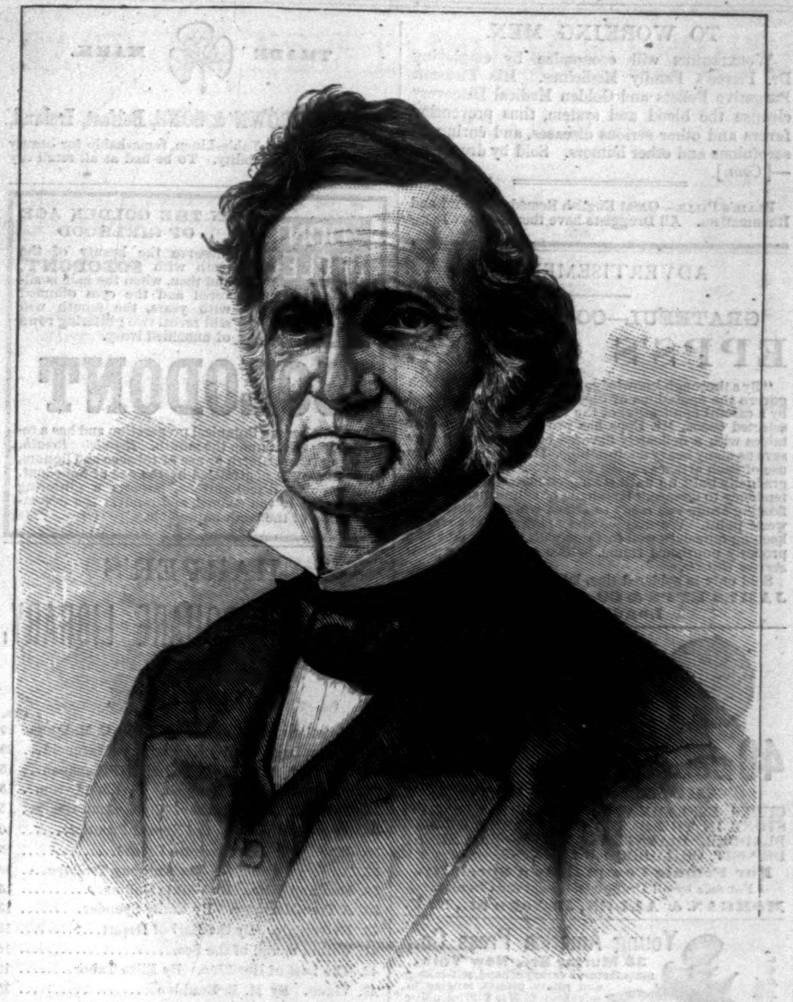
A kill is often known by the numbers of vultures that hover about in long, sailing, steady circles. What multitudes of vultures there are! Overhead, far up in the liquid ether, you see them circling round and round like dim specks in the distance, farther and farther away, till they seem like bees, then lessen and fade into the infinitude of space. No part of the sky is ever free from their presence. When a kill has been perceived, you see one come flying along strong and swift in headlong flight. With the directness of a thunder-bolt, he speeds to where his loathsome meal lies sweltering in the noonday sun. As he comes nearer and nearer, his repulsive-looking body assumes form and substance. The cruel, ugly, bald head drawn close in between the strong pointed shoulders, the broad powerful wings, with their wide sweep, measured and slow, bear him swiftly past. With a curve and a sweep he circles round, down come the long bony legs, the bald and hideous neck is extended, and with talons quivering for the rotting flesh, and cruel beak agape, he hurries on to his repast, the embodiment of every thing ghoul-like and ghastly. In his wake comes another, then twos and threes, anon tens and twenties, till hundreds have collected, and the ground is covered with the hissing, tearing, fiercely clawing crowd. It is a horrible sight to see a heap of vultures battling over a dead bullock. I have seen them so piled up that the under ones were nearly smothered to death; and the writhing contortions of the long bare necks, as the fierce brutes battled with talons and claws, were like the twisting of monster snakes, or the furious writhing of Gorgons and Furies over some fated victim.

It has been a much debated point with sportsmen and naturalists whether the eye or the sense of smell guides the vulture to his feast of carrion. I have often watched them. They scan the vast surface spread below them with a piercing and never-tiring gaze. They observe each other. When one is seen to cease his steady circling flight, far up in mid-air, and to stretch his broad wings earthward, the others know that he has espied a meal, and follow his lead; and these in turn are followed by others, till from all quarters flock crowds of these scavengers of the sky. They can detect a dog or jackal from a vast height, and they know by intuition that where the carcass is, there will the dogs and jackals be gathered. I think there can be no doubt that the vision is the sense they are most indebted to for directing them to their food.

On one occasion I remember seeing a tumultuous heap of them battling fiercely, as I have just tried to describe, over the carcasses of two tigers we had killed near Damdaha. The dead bodies were hidden partially in a grove of trees, and for a long time there were only some ten or a dozen vultures near. These gorged themselves so fearfully that they could not rise from the ground, but lay with wings expanded, looking very aldermanic and apoplectic. By-and-by, however, the rush began, and by the time we had struck the tents there could not have been fewer than one hundred and fifty vultures, hissing and spitting at each other like angry cats, trampling each other to the dust to get at the carcasses, and tearing wildly with talon and beak for a place. In a very short time nothing but mangled bones remained. A great number of the vultures got on to the rotten limb of a huge mango-tree. One other proved the last straw, for down came the rotten branch; and several of the vultures, tearing at each other, fell heavily to the ground, where they lay quite helpless. As an experiment, we shot a miserable, mangy pariah dog that was prowling about the ground, seeking garbage and offal. He was shot stone-dead, and for a time no vulture ventured near. A crow was the first to begin the feast of death. One of the hungriest of the vultures next approached, and in a few minutes the yet warm body of the poor dog was torn into a thousand fragments, till nothing remained but scattered and disjointed bones.

ELIHU BURRITT.

Elihu Burritt, commonly known as the learned blacksmith, was chiefly remarkable for the facility with which he acquired languages. His father was a shoe-maker, but **Elihu** preferred to follow another trade, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to a blacksmith. His natural taste for study soon led him to Worcester, Massachusetts, where he mastered several languages in a surprisingly short space of time. This facility was, however, a gift of memory only, for Mr. **Burritt** never acquired a philosophic insight into the structure or genius of any language. He was noted for his antislavery record, for his strong advocacy of the temperance cause, and his exertions in favor of free postage. His life was passed in lecturing and in writing for the press. For some time he was United States consul at Birmingham, England, in which country he spent many years. Mr. **Burritt** was not a man of original thought or great mental powers, and with all his facility in the acquisition of languages, he has left no mark on the literature of the day. He died on the 6th of March, at New Britain, Connecticut, at the age of sixty-eight.



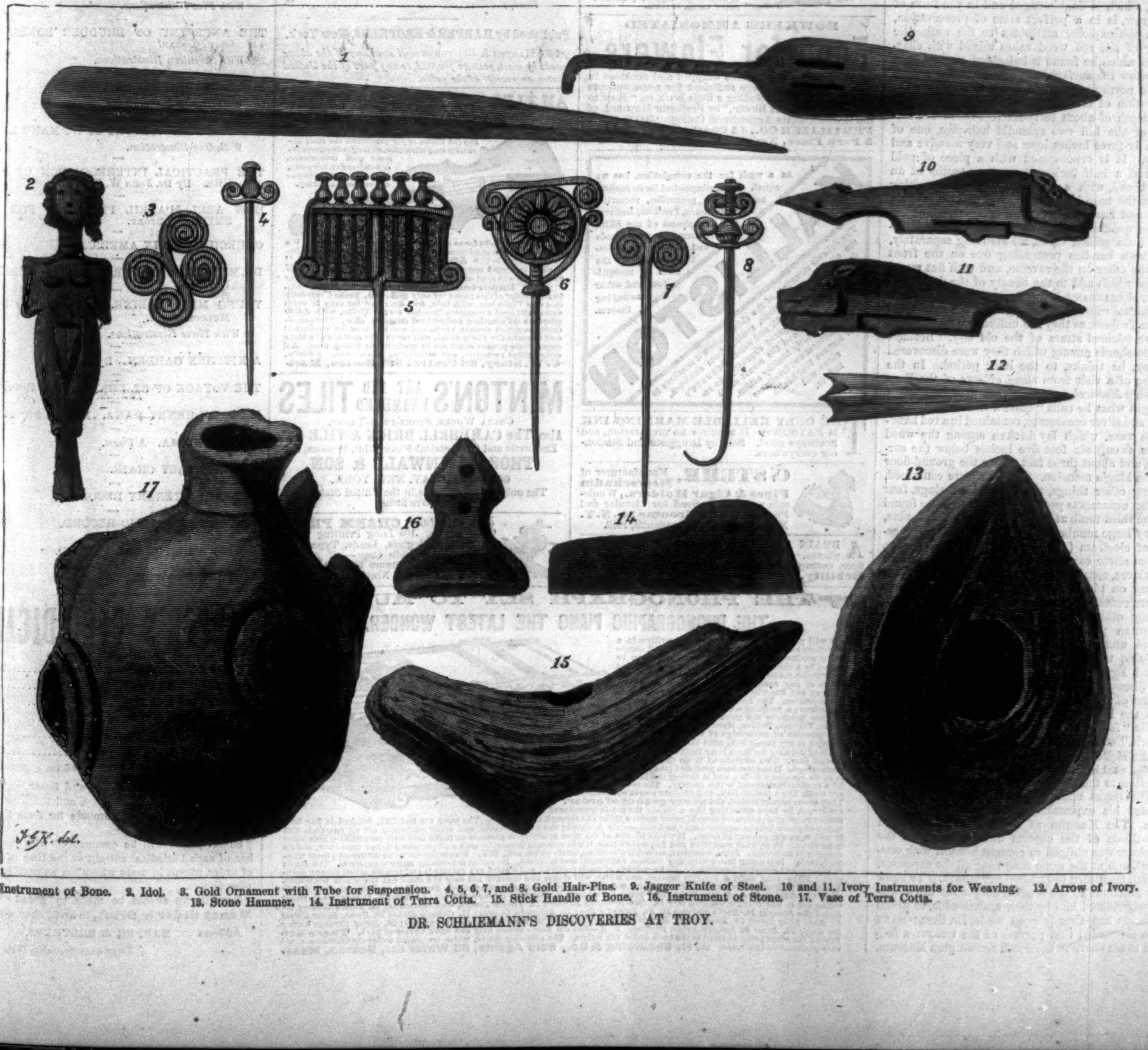
THE LATE ELIHU BURRITT.—Photographed by N. R. Worden.

DISCOVERIES AT TROY.

In the autumn of 1878, after an interval of five and a half years, Dr. **Schliemann** resumed his search for buried Troy. Having, through the friendly interposition of the English ambassador, Sir A. **Layard**, obtained a firman from the Turkish government authorizing him to proceed in his explorations, he opened his trenches on Mount Hissarlik on the last day of September. **Kadri Arnautoglo Bey**, a delegate of the Porte, was on the spot, and Dr. **Schliemann** was furnished with a guard of ten gens-d'armes, whom he describes as of great service to him, both in the way of protection, and in keeping watch of his servants, who were thus constrained to be honest. The number of workmen employed by the explorer was 125. The common laborers cost him fourteen piasters a day, the wages paid to the overseers having been somewhat higher. To **Kadri Bey** he paid $75, and to the gens-d'armes about $112 per month. During the investigations, Dr. **Schliemann** and his party suffered much from malaria and the inclemency of the weather. At one time he writes: "We have to suffer cruelly from the continual northern storm, which blows the dust into our eyes and inflames them. There is a great deal of fever, and in the village of Neo Chori, four miles from here, every body is fever-stricken."

It will be remembered by those who have followed Dr. **Schliemann** in his accounts of former explorations carried on by him at Hissarlik, that he traces the remains of no less than four prehistoric cities, which had been built on the same site, and that the second of these in point of antiquity is, he maintains, the Homeric Troy. On this occasion the explorer's endeavors were principally directed to the excavation of the large mansion previously discovered to the west and northwest of the gate, and to the gate itself, which, contrary to the reiterated assertions of Dr. **Schliemann**'s more severe critics, was not barred by a solid wall of masonry, but merely by a huge mass of wood ashes. The latter was carefully examined by Captain H. H. **Beamish**, Lieutenant H. C. **Sayce**, and other members of the English vessel *Pallas*, who were interested in watching the labors of the explorer. The large mansion Dr. **Schliemann** identifies with that of Troy's last chief or king, because, as he says, "I found in my former excavations in it or close to it a large treasure and a great deal of beautiful pottery; but now I maintain that identity with still more powerful reasons than before, having again discovered in it or close to it three small and one large treasures of gold ornaments."

What Dr. **Schliemann** has brought to light of the Trojan houses in general, and of this mansion in particular, are merely the substructions, on an average five feet high, which in the absence of cellars were used as store-rooms. A habit of using the ground-floor as store-rooms seems to have existed in the time of **Homer**, for the poet tells us that **Hecuba** descended to the store-rooms where the embroidered garments were stored. Had the store-rooms been on the floor inhabited by the royal family, he would not have said that the queen descended. Dr. **Schliemann** says: "If asked, 'Is this **Priam**'s palace, as described by **Homer**?' I would answer by the verse of **Virgil**, 'Si parva licet componere magnis.' In fact, according to the poet, the palace contained fifty chambers for the king's sons and twelve for his daughters, and all were of polished stone. **Homer** can never have seen the Troy whose tragic fate he describes, because at his time, and probably ages before his time, the city he glorifies was



1. Instrument of Bone. 2. Idol. 3. Gold Ornament with Tube for Suspension. 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8. Gold Hair-Pins. 9. Jagger Knife of Steel. 10 and 11. Ivory Instruments for Weaving. 12. Arrow of Ivory. 13. Stone Hammer. 14. Instrument of Terra Cotta. 15. Stick Handle of Bone. 16. Instrument of Stone. 17. Vase of Terra Cotta.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S DISCOVERIES AT TROY.

buried beneath mountains of débris; but at his time public edifices, and probably also royal mansions, were built of polished stones, and he therefore attributes the same architecture to Priam's mansion, magnifying it with poetic license. This building has toward the gate a corridor 40 feet 8 inches long by 6 feet broad, leading to a chamber only 7 feet 6 inches long by 4 feet 6 inches broad, in which the ingenious Dr. Moss discovered a guttæ of hemispherical form; this room is nearly filled up by a huge jar 5 feet 6 inches high and 4 feet 7 inches broad. By a door only 1 foot 10 inches broad this chamber communicates with another larger one, which is 12 feet 3½ inches long and 7 feet 4 inches broad, and contains three immense jars, of precisely the same size as that just referred to, and a somewhat smaller one; the pottery of the jars is upwards of 2 inches thick. From this room we enter, by a door 3 feet 2 inches broad, into a larger one, which runs parallel with the corridor, and is 24 feet 4 inches long and 12 feet broad, and leads to a chamber 10 feet long and 8 feet broad." This is the best preserved part of the mansion, to which belong the buildings which separate it from the northern part of the great wall.

In several directions beneath the royal mansion there are walls of a still more ancient building, which the explorer ascribes to the first city erected on this site, because all the fragments of pottery which are found in the chambers of the ancient mansion immediately below the Trojan stratum have on both sides that beautiful lustrous red-black or brown color which has never yet been found but in the strata of the first city. Dr. Schliemann says: "I now feel even bold enough to say that the great circuit wall was not built by the Trojans, but by their predecessors, because in carefully digging off the débris from that wall I find it covered by a layer of rubbish about one foot thick, which is not Trojan, because it does not contain any burned matter, and because it is full of pottery peculiar to the first city, which can not possibly be there by mere accident. Above this layer the great wall is covered six and seven feet deep with brick-colored ashes of the tower-like buildings of sun-dried bricks and wood, which once served both as its ornament and as its works of defense, and Dr. Moss calls to my remembrance that in this respect Troy resembles several cities in Scripture; so, *e.g.*, Joshua (ii. 15) describes the house of Rahab, situated on the circuit wall of Jericho.

A bare enumeration of the articles gathered by Dr. Schliemann in the course of his excavations would take up considerable space, and we can only bring a few of the more remarkable to the notice of our readers. By far the most interesting object he ever found at Troy is, in his opinion, a dagger of steel, four inches long. The blade, which is double-edged and in the form of an arrow, is in a perfect state of preservation, which the explorer attributes to the antiseptic power of the red wood ashes mixed with charcoal in which he found it imbedded, twenty-eight feet below the surface. In deepening the trench on the northwest side in order to facilitate the excavation of the king's mansion, he discovered at a depth of about forty-six feet below the surface of the hill two splendid hair-pins, one of which is three inches long and very massive and heavy. It is ornamented with a piece of gold one and a half inches long, seven-tenths of an inch broad, with a quadrangular plate running out at the base into spirals, and divided into six large and four small vertical columns. The top of the quadrangle is ornamented with six beautiful little golden vases, all standing separately, and with handles protruding one on the front and the other on the reverse, and with flat round covers, which add to the beauty of the design.

Dr. Schliemann is of the opinion that these ornaments must have belonged to the successors of the Trojans, as they are unlike any thing found in the calcined strata of the old city. Besides, the potsherds among which they were discovered belong, he thinks, to the later period. In the course of a visit from some officers of the English ship *Monarch*, and under their eyes, he brought to light what he calls "quite a little treasure" of gold and silver ornaments, contained in a red hand-made vase, which lay broken among the wood ashes twenty-six feet five inches below the surface, and about three feet above the ground-floor of the king's mansion. This treasure contained, among other things, twenty gold ear-rings, four golden ornaments perfectly similar to those found in the third tomb at Mycenæ, some gold hair-pins, a very large number of small gold beads, a bracelet of electrum (a mixture of gold and silver), eleven silver ear-rings, and twenty fragments of necklaces, consisting of innumerable silver rings strung on pieces of ivory forming a curve. In an urn containing bones and ashes was also found, among other objects, a piece of lustrous green Egyptian porcelain 2.2 inches long, 1.9 inches broad, and 1.15 inches thick. Dr. Schliemann explains that this is the first time that he has found Egyptian porcelain at Troy. But of all the discoveries made by the explorer beneath the mount of Hissarlik the most astonishing, perhaps, was the immense number of cockle and mussel shells "found in all the strata of the prehistoric débris," which have disappeared from the shores of the Hellespont or Ægean Sea. The discovery of the cockle-shells is one that will appeal for a solution to the theories of scientists.

The terms upon which Dr. Schliemann conducted his explorations were exceedingly onerous. The Museum at Constantinople received two-thirds of the objects discovered, while the explorer was obliged to content himself with one-third, and at the same time bear all the expenses, which amounted to $25,000 per month. To show his gratitude to the English people for the assistance rendered him by their ambassador, to whom allusion has already been made, Dr. Schliemann has forwarded that portion of the treasures falling to his share to the South Kensington Museum.

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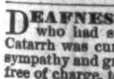

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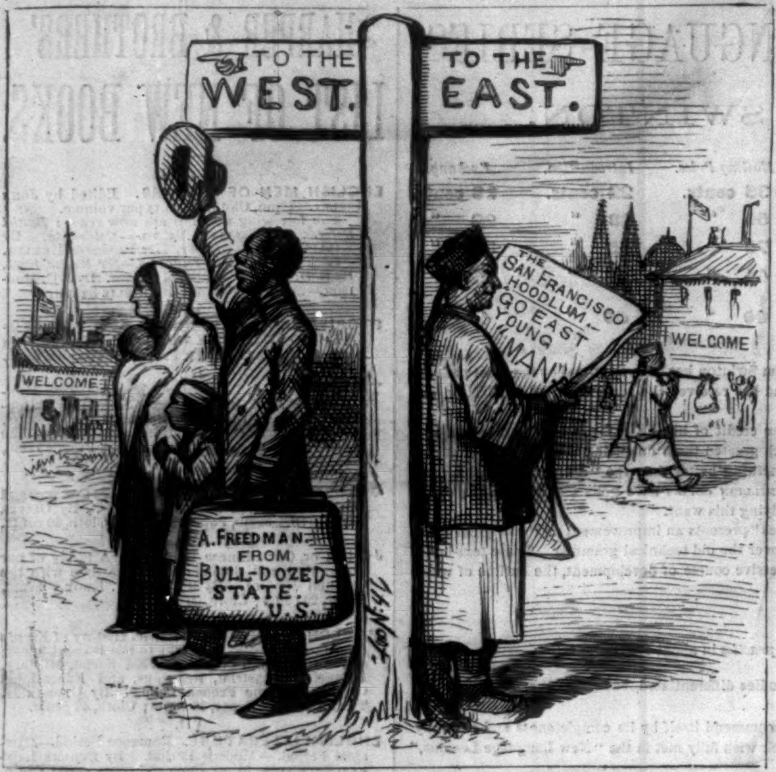
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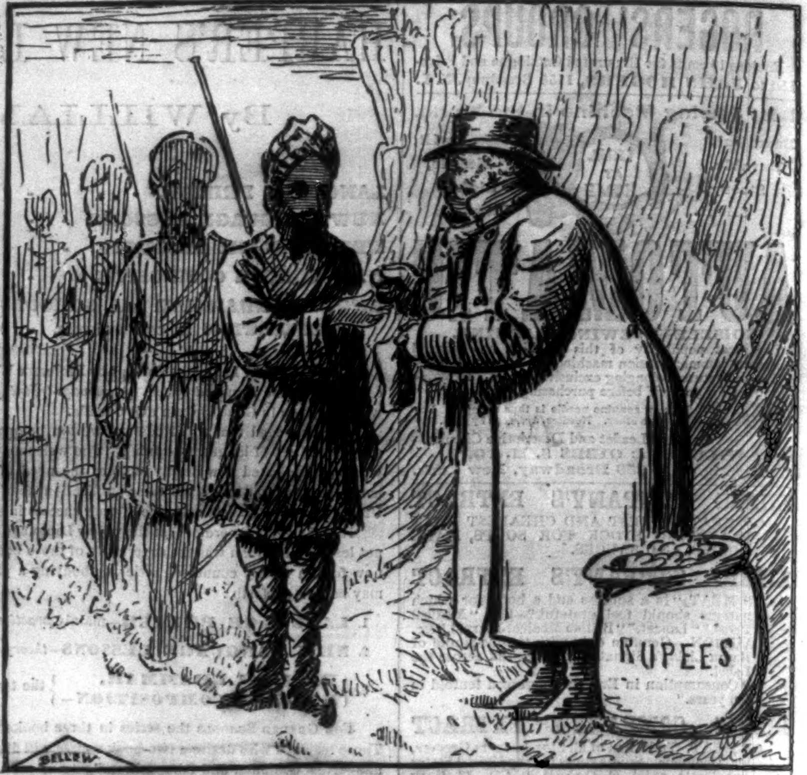

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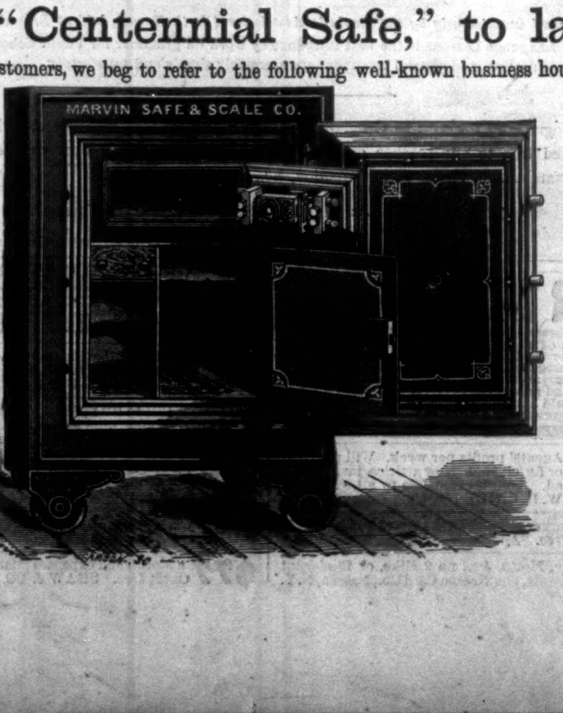
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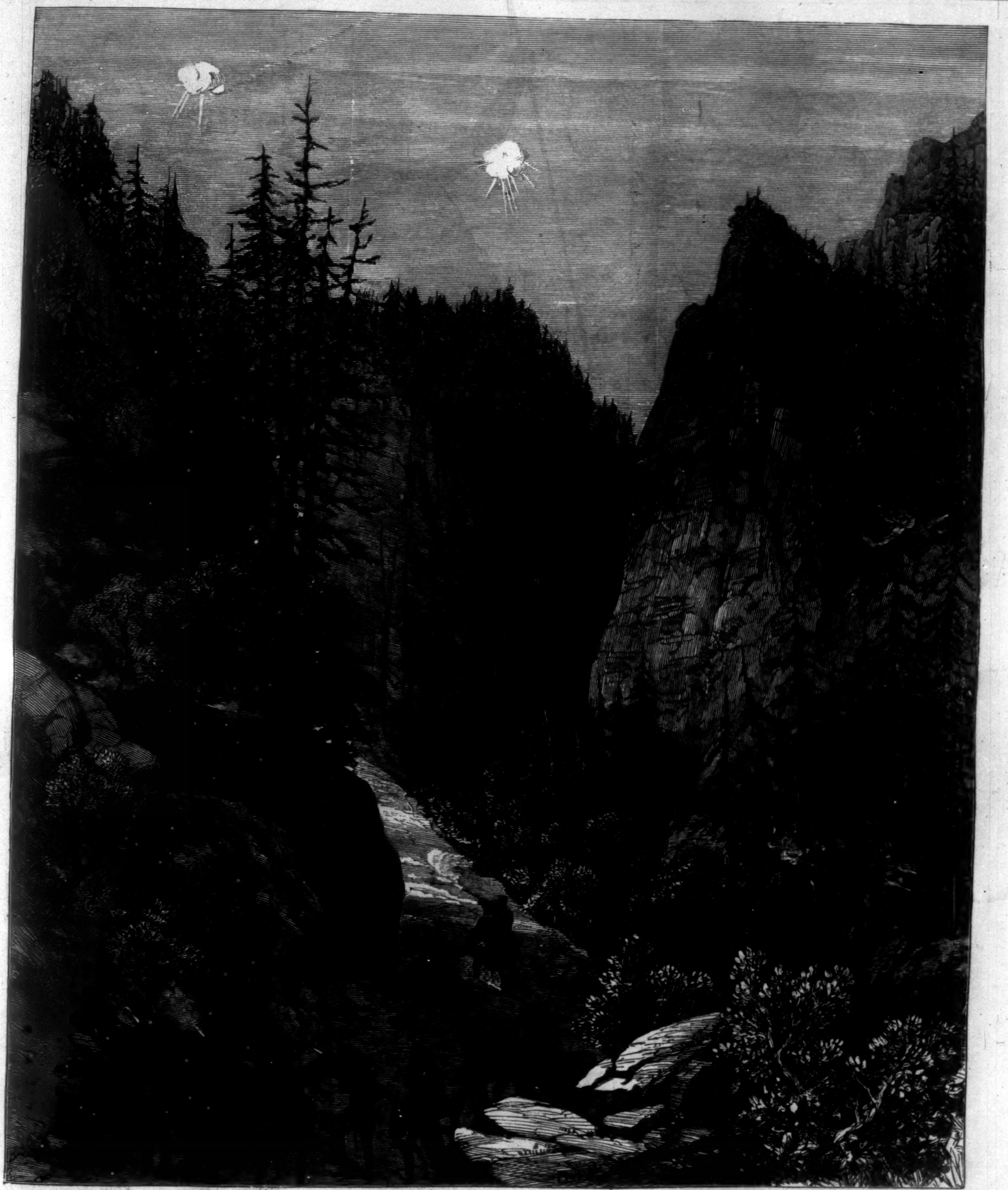


THE AFGHAN WAR—THE EIGHTH KING'S REGIMENT SKIRMISHING UP THE PEIWAR KOTAL.—FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL GORDON, TWENTY-NINTH PUNJAB NATIVE INFANTRY.

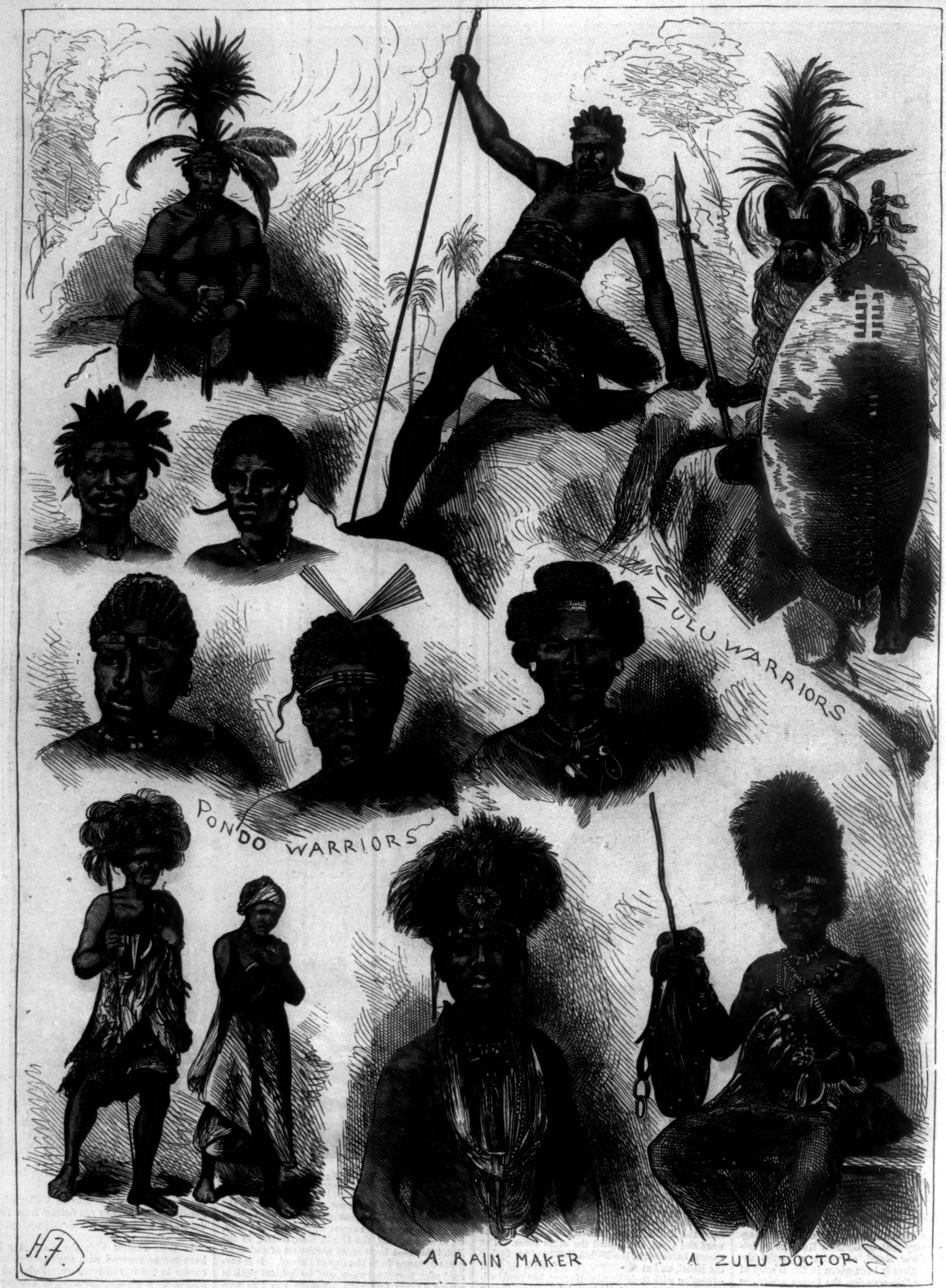
ENGLAND'S TWO WARS.

THE above engraving has reference to the magnificent military feat of General ROBERTS in forcing the Peiwar Kotal, of which a partial description has already been given in the *Weekly* of March 8. On this occasion the forces under the English commander were divided into two bodies. The first, whose fortunes were followed in the article just alluded to, were under the immediate command of General ROBERTS, and executed the famous night attack which resulted in such a splendid victory over the Afghans at Spin-gawi Pass. The second body, whose advance is illustrated in our present sketch, remained in camp, with orders to advance on the east side of the Kotal at daybreak. This force consisted of two guns F. A., three guns G. 3, Twelfth Bengal Cavalry, Second Battalion Eighth Foot, and Fifth Punjab Infantry, the whole under the command of Brigadier-General COBBE.

At daylight General COBBE's brigade advanced slowly toward the Kotal. When within 2000 yards the guns came into action, the range having been accurately ascertained overnight. The firing was excellent, and soon put the enemy's guns out of action. They, however, manned them to the last, and fought most gallantly, the gunners being found dead around the guns. At about noon the Fifth Punjab Infantry felt their way toward the right, and joined the other force. The second battalion of the Eighth lined a ridge facing the Kotal, and at about 800 yards from it did good execution with their Martini-Henrys, but could advance no farther. At this point General COBBE was wounded by a shot in the arm while standing on the steep wooded ridge shown to the right of the sketch. He was then succeeded by Colonel DREW, who led his men skirmishing up the pass with remarkable gallantry, and bivouacked there at night among the enemy's captured guns. This victory, supplementing that of General ROBERTS, caused the Peiwar Kotal, the entrance to the Kurum Valley, to pass into the possession of the English.

To fully appreciate the success of this remarkable manœuvre, which places General ROBERTS in the first rank of military strategists, it is necessary to understand something of the distribution of the great mountain ranges of Afghanistan. The main features of this rock-bound empire, which measures only about 430 miles from east to west and 460 miles from south to north, are the mountain chains, the general direction of which is east and west, but which throw out buttresses to the north and south. Afghanistan is traversed across the centre from east to west by the Hindoo Coosh, or, more properly, the Hindû Koh, ending in the Koh-i-Baba—a huge mass northwest of and at no great distance from the city of Cabool. It is covered with perpetual snow, and its loftiest peak is nearly 18,000 feet high. Thence run two parallel chains, one called the Safed Koh, or "white mountain," the other, the southernmost one, the Siah Koh, or "black mountain." The Safed Koh is the chain that we are at present considering. One writer, in speaking of it in connection with the present war, says: "Should the project of invasion as announced be executed, and a force enter Afghanistan by way of Thal and the Kurum River, the Safed Koh will do duty as an effectual barrier against any attempt from the north to disturb the advancing column, for it covers the line of advance up to the turning-point of the Kurum River, whence, by the regular road, both Ghuznee and the town of Cabool may be commanded." This was the advantage that General ROBERTS was endeavoring to gain, and which made his passage of the Peiwar Kotal into the Kurum Valley one of the brilliant successes of the war. That subsequent difficulties divested the occupation of the Kurum Valley of half its anticipated value does not detract from the splendor of his achievement.

In their contest with the Zulus, the English have not to contend with such tremendous difficulties in the way of territory. Zululand may be said to be a rectangular tract of country on the east coast of South Africa. In regard to its topography it may be divided into three separate districts, which run north and south. The coast district is low, hot, and unhealthy. It is intersected with swamps and lagoons covered with dense thickets, and is well-nigh uninhabitable. About fifteen miles from the sea the land begins to rise in terraces, which are covered with rich grass and broken up by low ranges of mountains, which gradually recede to the westward, forming continuous chains of well-wooded mountains, some rising to an altitude of upward of 3000 feet above sea-level. These are intersected by numerous rivers, which generally run from west to east. The principal of these are the Tugela, the Buffalo River, the Insegeni, the Black Umvalosi, the White Umvalosi, and the Blood River. None of them are navigable during the summer months; but in the winter, as a rule, they dwindle down

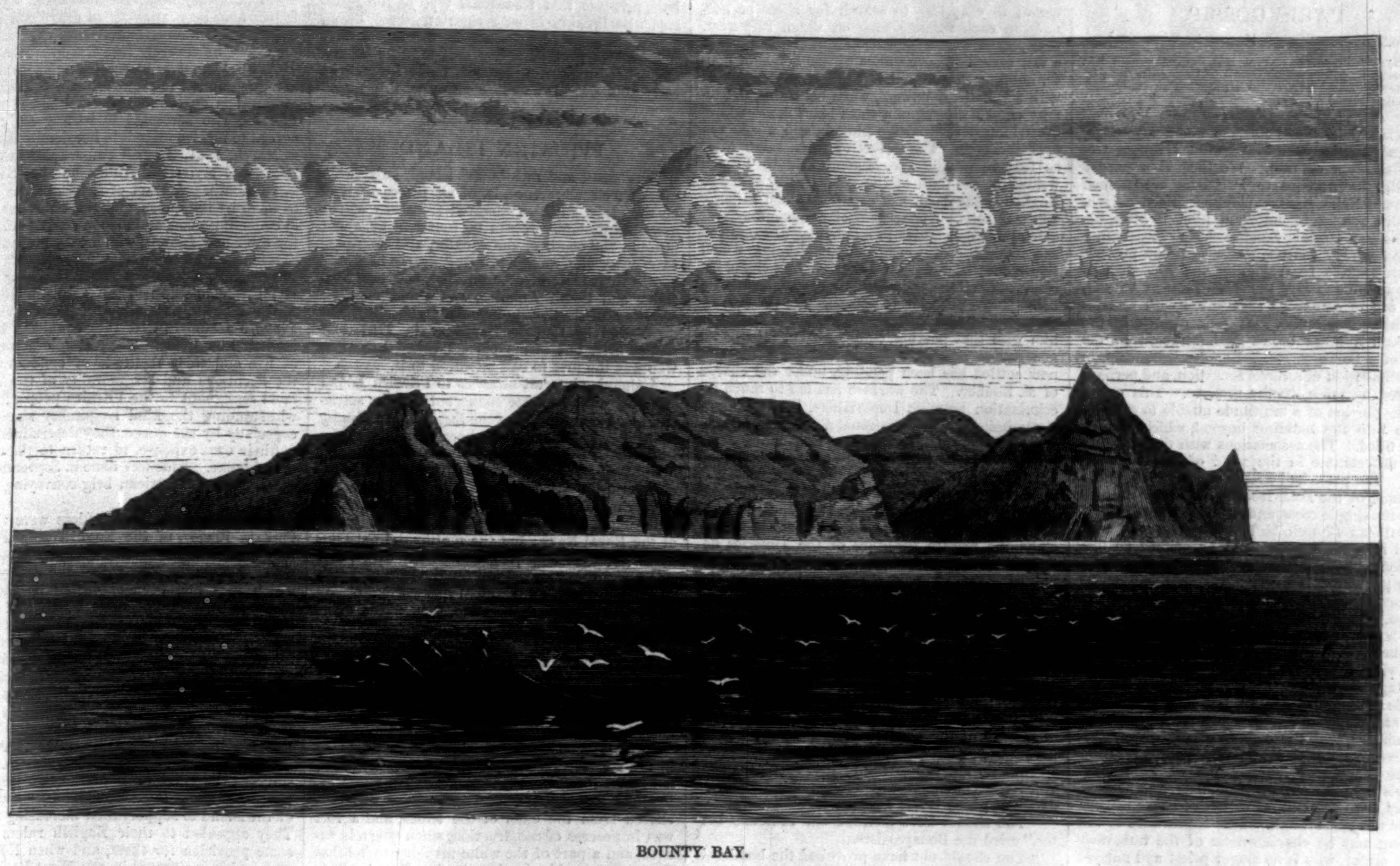


ZULUS AND CAFFRES OF SOUTH AFRICA.

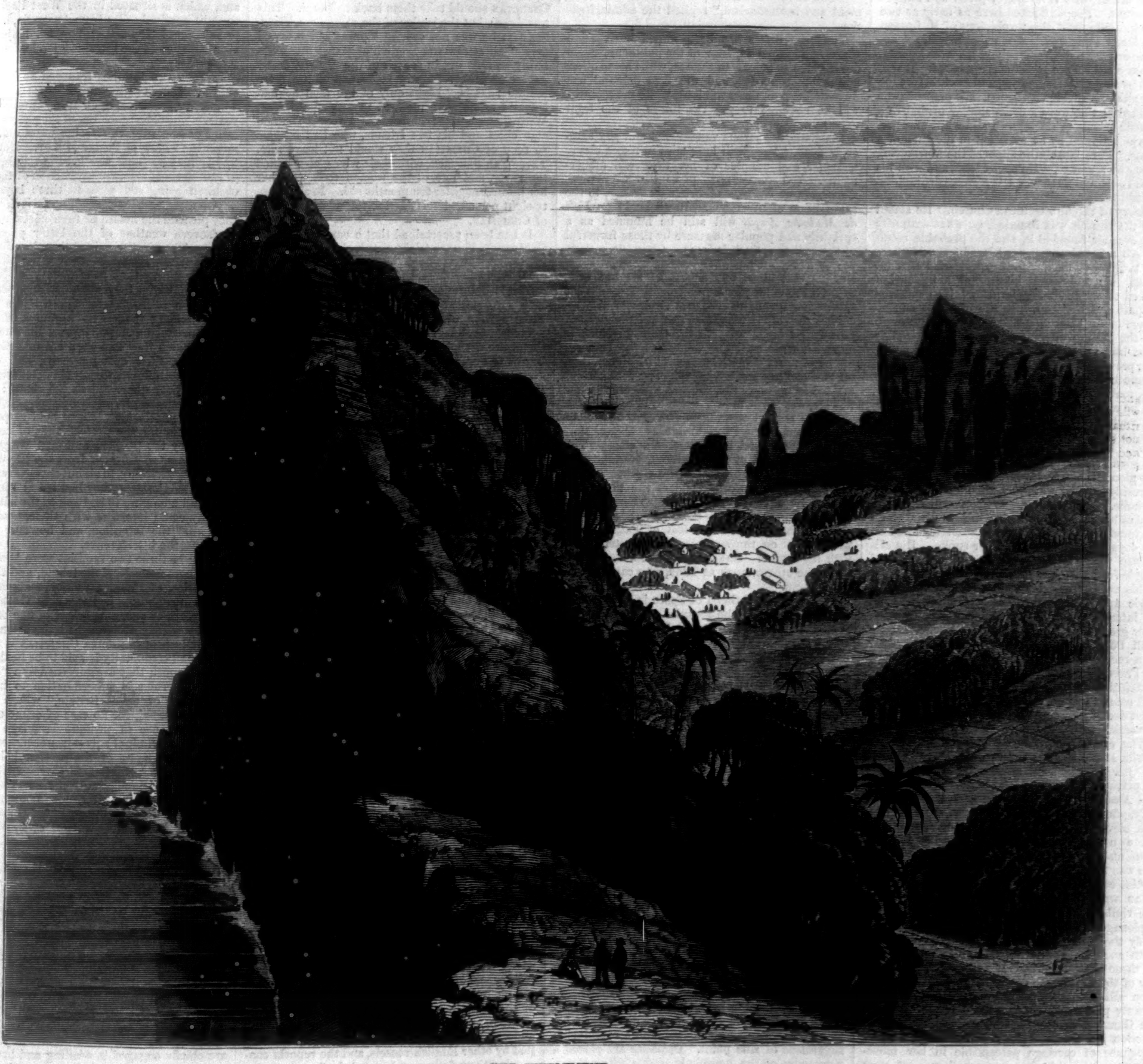
into mere rivulets, with here and there a few pools of no considerable depth. There are very extensive forests in the country; the trees are large, and their wood valuable. As a rule, the banks of the rivers are clothed with thick bush, while many of the higher mountain ranges are well wooded.

Of the Zulu nation which inhabits this tract of land much has been said and written by ANTHONY TROLLOPE and others; but the above group of engravings will do more toward giving our readers an idea of England's South African enemies than any amount of verbal description. They are a fantastic race of savages, and by no means ignorant of the art of warfare, as was proved by the terrible disaster that overtook Lord CHELMSFORD'S forces on the 21st of January. One writer, in speaking of the last war between the English and the Zulu Caffres, says: "The Caffre warriors in skirmishing excited the admiration of the light companies of some of our most distinguished regiments." Their native arms are assegais and clubs, but the use of fire-arms is now common among all the South African tribes.

In peaceful times the Zulus are kind and hospitable to strangers, and exhibit many characteristics that are supposed to belong to civilized nations. They are brave, though treacherous, and exhibit a curious compound of shrewdness and superstition. Having extremely vague ideas of religion, they seek rather to propitiate an evil spirit than to adore a good one, and they have a profound belief in witchcraft. Polygamy is general; and though the women do a large share of the work both in the field and the kraal, their position is not so degraded as amongst the Hottentots and some other African savages. The girls are bought that they may become wives, but the wives are never sold. There is no regular system of divorce, but a man may repudiate a wife with or without reason, in some cases getting back the cattle which he bartered for her. A wife often leaves her husband through ill usage or from jealousy, and in all cases of separation the children belong to the father. A man usually selects one of his wives as his "great wife," and the eldest son of this woman becomes the chief heir to his property. Sometimes a second favorite is chosen to be "right-hand wife," and her eldest son then shares in the heritage. None of the other numerous children have any claim upon the property, although the man may provide for them if he chooses. A man may beat his wife, but if he maim or kill her he is punished by a fine, and the same law applies to the children, for whose misconduct the father is responsible as long as they remain domiciled with the family. Murder and theft and a variety of other offenses are punishable by fine, but the chiefs and their children can legally take any thing belonging to members of their own tribe, who, if they resent the liberty, are liable to have their whole property confiscated. The land is all open, and there is consequently no law of trespass.



BOUNTY BAY.



THE SETTLEMENT.

PITCAIRN ISLAND, INHABITED BY DESCENDANTS OF THE "BOUNTY" MUTINEERS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]